# Américas

#### BIG FARMS OR SMALL?

Land reform in Mexico

#### MASTER OF IRONY

A profile of Brazilian novelist Machado de Assis

#### THE TANGO STORY

### MOVIES AT

A front seat at Uruguay's third international film festival

25 cents

Mexican farmers gather in Tlacolula, Oaxaca, on market day (see page 3)





## Américas

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#### CONTENTS

### 2

- ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT
- BIG FARMS OR SMALL? Gonzalo Blanco
- 9 MASTER OF IRONY William L. Grossman
- 13 THE TANGO STORY Roberto Mujica Láinez and Betty Wilson
- 17 GUARANI HAS A WORD FOR IT Justo Pastor Benitez
- 21 READING'S HIS LINE (Picture story)
- 24 PAID IN FULL (A short story) Irving Burstiner
- 20 COUNSELING AS A PROFESSION Mitchell Dreese
- 32 MOVIES AT PUNTA DEL ESTE Robin Jon Joachim
- 37 EMBASSY ROW
- 38 POINTS OF VIEW
- 42 OAS FOTO FLASHES
- 43 BOOKS

THE WEST THROUGH A KEYHOLE Fernando Alegría DRUMMONDIAN HUMOR Armando S. Pires

- 46 GRAPHICS CREDITS
- 47 KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' HEROES? (Part II)
- 48 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
  - CONTRIBUTORS (Inside Back Cover)

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Opposite: Aztec bas relief from Brooklyn Museum collection, New York

#### Dear Reader

In gathering material for a speech before the Inter-American Investment Conference held in New Orleans recently to explore the possibilities of a greater flow of capital from the United States to Latin America, I stumbled upon the amazing fact that the flow of dollars is greater from Latin America to the United States than in the opposite direction. There must be some mistake, I thought, when I met the cold statistics face to face. I consulted an eminent U.S. economist on the matter, and he confirmed the point, adding with a smile: "We'd better watch out, or we will hear people in the United States talking about Latin American economic imperialism!"

After struggling with a maze of statistical data that were not always in agreement, my advisors came to this conclusion: During the period 1946-53, inclusive, the net export of capital from the United States to Latin America, in all forms, private and public, amounted to \$2,400,000,000, or an average of \$300,000,000 per year. During the same eight-year period, Latin American payments to the United States, on account of dividends, debt services, and so on, aggregated \$3,900,000,000.

Thus, if we take into account all the balance-ofpayment transactions relating to capital investments, the net result for the eight-year period is that the countries of Latin America have transferred to the United States \$1,500,000,000 in excess of what they have received.

But how could Latin America do this? The explanation lies in the balance of trade between Latin America and the world at large. During the period from 1948 to 1953, inclusive, for example, this item showed Latin America with a favorable balance of some \$1,400,000,000. In its exchange of merchandise with the United States, Latin America has also had a favorable balance, which in the last four years averaged about \$200,000,000 annually.

As to the insignifiance of U.S. capital in the total investment within Latin America, this can be expressed in a single figure: 9.7 per cent. Of this amount, only one fifth is from public funds; the remaining four fifths are private investments. All the rest of the \$4,427,000,000 invested annually within Latin America (that is, almost 90 per cent) is Latin American capital, Latin American savings, except for a negligible amount from nations outside the Western Hemisphere.

That U.S. investments in Latin America pay off well and are good risks is attested by these facts; Almost 40 per cent of the returns realized on U.S. capital abroad comes from Latin America; and the yield on private long-term investments there is calculated at around 13 per cent. Also, the record of Latin America in the service of its debts in the United States is far superior to that of other parts of the world, excepting Canada.

This, then, explains why U.S. businessmen have favored Latin America as a field for foreign investment over any other area in the world.

Andre Sailas Secretary General

### ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

#### LOW COST HOMES FOR PERU

The dramatic Christmas Eve march of some five thousand evicted squatters from Lima to an undeveloped plain ten miles south, where they quickly erected a "city" of huts of straw matting, focused attention on the acute housing problem in the Peruvian capital, which was aggravated by an influx of rural people and the reluctance of private investors to build inexpensive housing under prevailing conditions. Government engineers are now planning several satellite cities around Lima. At the squatters' Ciudad de Dios (City of God), a rustic chapel has been built, ground has been broken for a small market, and work started early in January on water and sewage facilities. Meanwhile, the new settlement's population swelled to nearly twenty thousand.

The government canceled military maneuvers scheduled for the area and will make individual parcels of land available to the families on easy terms. But the construction of adequate housing remains a big problem, for it is estimated that some fifty thousand new dwelling units are needed in the capital area. Lima newspapers have called for liberalized mortgage regulations and modifications in the building code to encourage low-cost construction. One, La Prensa, has built five inexpensive houses of the type that can be expanded as need requires, to be sold to reader buyers selected by lot. In the southern city of Areguipa, a six-hundred bed hospital is to be built, along with five hundred model houses for workmen and emplayees. On March 1, the government asked Congress for authority to deal with the housing problem by decree, through domestic and foreign loans and credit concessions to builders.

#### KAISER IN ARGENTINA

One result of Henry J. Kaiser's recent extensive survey of business opportunities in many Latin American countries has been a contract between the Kaiser-Willys interests and the Argentine Government under which a firm known as Industrias Kaiser Argentina will build and operate an automobile factory near Córdoba. Kaiser's investment of about eight million dollars in the plant is by far the largest so far under the Argentine foreign-investment law of August 26, 1953. According to that law and subsequent regulations, foreign investors may withdraw annual profits up to 8 per cent of the registered capital after two years and the original capital may be repatriated in annual installments after ten years. In the Kaiser agreement, capital withdrawal will be allowed up to 10 per cent a year after the first decade. Plans call for plant capacity of sixty-five thousand units-trucks, jeeps, and passenger cars-annually, with actual production reaching a level of fortythousand units in three or four years. At the start, most

parts will be imported from the United States, but a gradual shift to parts manufactured in Argentina by Kaiser and other firms is scheduled.

#### FRENCH INVESTMENT IN LATIN AMERICA

Although it represents only a very small part of the financing of development in Latin America, where many countries are themselves investing heavily in industrialization, French private investment in that area has been increasing in the last two years. This field has proved attractive as a means of exporting high-priced French goods, of transferring to a productive site some industrial equipment that can no longer meet competitive standards in Europe, and of redeploying capital formerly invested in now risky Indo-Chinese ventures.

The largest French holdings in Latin America now are in Argentina, where they include metal and metallurgical plants, chemical factories, construction firms, some small food-processing and textile outfits, and plants making photographic supplies and automotive parts. Similar investments have been made in Brazil and Colombia; recently money has gone to textile plants in Colombia and Venezuela. French citizens also hold smaller interests in Chile and Uruguay. A system successfully applied in recent years involves cooperative efforts of French bankers and manufacturers: The French banks make loans to Latin American governments or concerns to purchase French manufacturing plants. French technicians are provided to get them started, and usually some French materials continue to be imported even after the plant is in operation. The largest single investments have taken this form, as in the French financing of twenty-five million dollars of the forty-million-dollar Paz de Rio steel mill in Colombia and of most of the capital for a smaller one being built at Chimbote, Peru.

Some French interests hope to promanagerial skill, equipment, and funds from Indo-Chinese subber plantations to work in appropriate areas in South America. No great boom in French investment is expected, however, because of past experience with devaluation of Latin American currencies and because of increasing regulation of the type of investments those nations will permit.

#### **BOLIVIAN OIL**

Oll production in Bolivia is rapidly increasing. It has been estimated that it may reach thirty thousand barrels a day in 1956. At current prices, that would make it the number-one export item. A new outlet will be a pipeline to be built in the next eighteen months from Oruro to the North Chilean port of Arica. The oilfields near Santa Cruz are already connected to São Paulo, Brazil, by rail, and will soon be tied to an Argentine line.



Farming steep lands that should be left in forest adds to Mexican agricultural problem by causing erosion, floods, and droughts

## Big farms or small?

### Mexico shows the way in land reform

Gonzalo Blanco

It is no accident that Mexico was selected as the site of an international center for agrarian research, which opened last November 29. The choice was a tacit tribute to that country's half-century of experience with land reform. Authorized by the First Latin American Seminar on Problems of the Land, held under UN sponsorship at Campinas, Brazil, in 1953, the center sprang from a desire of many countries to study the major problems arising from man's relation to the land in Latin America.

Despite the opinion that prevailed during the colonial period and the optimistic assertion by Baron von Humboldt in the middle of the nineteenth century that Mexico was the richest land in the world, its natural wealth is scanty, and man is forced to fight nature for it hand to hand. The topography is harsh and hostile; the slopes are too steep and the rainy seasons irregular in duration and rainfall. It is estimated that 70 per cent of Mexico's approximately thirty million people are engaged in agriculture, even though only 10 per cent of its 760,000 square miles can be considered suitable for profitable cultivation. In the face of this, Mexico's population has been increasing at the dizzy pace of a million a year, and

the need for arable land, food, fibers for clothing, wood and fuel for homes, and raw materials for the growing industrialization has multipled at a corresponding rate. It is not surprising, then, that Mexican history is indissolubly linked to land tenancy and use. As President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines put it during his electoral campaign, "The problem of the land has been and is the coun-

try's fundamental problem."

Pre-Hispanic codices and the narratives of the Spanish missionaries reveal that among the native tribes—especially the Aztecs—occupying the central plateau before the Spanish conquistadors arrived the land was distributed in five groups. The best were the lands owned by the royal family. Next best were the properties of the nobility, then those that belonged to the temples, then the army lands. Those of the rest of the population were, of course, the poorest and smallest. Despite their limited area, the lands of the common people not only had to support the men who cultivated them but also had to produce extra harvests for the payment of tribute to the other social classes and the government. Title was vested in the community, although the families that worked them controlled the produce.

With the arrival of Hernán Cortés in 1519, the conquistadors took over the domains of the Aztecs and other tribes by force. Citing the bull of May 14, 1493, of Pope Alexander VI, as legal justification, they became the lords and owners of all rural property by right of conquest. In accord with the provisions dictated by the King of Spain, ownership of the colonial lands was divided into three major categories: the private property of high government officials and the soldiers of the conquering army, the property of the Catholic church and the priesthood, and the property of the native communities, granted by special royal decrees. As before, these last lands were the

worst in quality and the smallest in area.

Under the Spaniards, the ejido was formed from the communal lands. (The word is derived from the Latin exitus and means "located outside the town.") This institution, which originated in the order of December 1, 1573, and the royal decree of October 20, 1598, followed the lines of the pre-Conquest community land holdings, with some modifications. The arrangement continued in effect for nearly three hundred years, during which the ruling classes and the church consolidated the rural property in vast estates, leaving the villages without land to cultivate.

In 1812, in connection with the movement for the independence of New Spain, as Mexico was then called, Father José María Morelos proclaimed an agrarian plan that emphasized the necessity of dividing up the large estates among many farmers to end the feudal system. Nevertheless, throughout this century of political independence, land continued to be concentrated in the hands of the Catholic church, the big landowners (mostly foreigners), and the surveying companies. George McCutcheon McBride says in Land Systems of Mexico: "By 1910 the rural inhabitants of Mexico who held no individual property were probably more numerous than they had been at any previous time in the history of the coun-



Emiliano Zapata, born a peasant, was a leader in Mexican drive for land reform

President Venustiano Carranza proclaimed historic decree restoring village lands





Lázaro Cárdenas, who became President of Mexico on December 1, 1934, speeded distribution of land to peasants who worked it

try. Thus, in this important respect and in spite of the marked material development of the country, Mexico was in a worse condition than she had ever been even during the most stationary periods of the Spanish domination." The most dramatic and accurate description of the situation of the farmers and Indians of Mexico in the first decade of this century was given in John Kenneth Turner's Barbarous Mexico, hundreds of copies of which were burned on the order of the dictator Porfirio Díaz. Although originally political, the revolution inspired and directed by Francisco I. Madero in 1910 soon became an agrarian struggle for economic and social principles. The disinherited masses of farmers who had been exploited since before the Conquest were hungry not only for justice and equity but also for bread and land. The humble peasant Emiliano Zapata began the program with his famous "Ayala Plan," which he proclaimed in the state of Morelos on November 28, 1911.

This vigorous leader of Mexican agrarian reform is still the subject of heated discussion. Some former land-holders continue to call him "the Attila of the South"; organized farm workers carry flowers to his tomb on the anniversary of his death and remember him with devotion and affection. The argument over Zapata and his deeds has spread beyond Mexico's borders: in the United States books for or against him, such as Edgcumb Pinchon's Zapata, the Unconquerable and H. H. Dunn's The Crimson Jester, have been published.

After several years of bloody strife, in which Zapata's revolutionary forces destroyed and burned haciendas and sugar mills in Morelos, the provisional government of President Venustiano Carranza proclaimed the Agrarian Law of January 6, 1915. This became the basis for the agrarian legislation still in force in Mexico and legalized the subdivision of enormous estates to give land to the farmers from whom it had gradually been taken. On February 5, 1917, the Constituent Congress meeting in Querétaro-the same city where the so-called Emperor Maximilian I had been executed-declared the law of January 6, 1915, to be part of the new Mexican Constitution. This was the origin of Article 27, which contains the most advanced social and economic provisions in regard to land tenure and which has profoundly changed the country's economic, social, and political life.

According to various students of the Mexican agrarian reform, at the end of 1910, when the Mexican Revolution began, there were 8,245 haciendas in the country. Three hundred were of at least 24,700 acres, fifty-one averaged 74,100 acres each, and at least eleven covered 247,000 acres each. McBride states that in 1910 Mexico's rural property was concentrated in the hands of less than 5 per cent of the population, while the other 95 per cent had no land at all to cultivate.

The redistribution of the latifundium lands in Mexico, which reached its peak during the administration of President Lázaro Cárdenas (1934-1940), is still the axis around which the country's agricultural development revolves. As a direct consequence, numerous nuclei of rural popula-

tion have been brought under the so-called "ejidal system." Many ejidos are engaged in collective or cooperative farming, like the one established in the Lagunera district of Durango and Coahuila in 1936 for the production of cotton and wheat and another in Yucatán for production and manufacture of henequen.

An ejido is organized when a group of at least twenty farmers asks the government for land. If they can prove that their community owned the land in question either during the time of the Aztecs or under the Spanish domination, the government returns it at once. If they have never owned land, the government takes it from the neighboring large estates. In either case the land is provided to the colonists absolutely free, and the government reimburses the former landowners with agricultural bonds paid off in annual installments.

The lands and activities of the ejido are controlled by a board of six members democratically elected by all the farmers. The law provides that each farmer is to receive a plot of about fifteen acres, with exclusive right to the



Mechanization is a slow process, for oxen not only pull plows and transport crops but provide meat and leather

crops he grows on it. Because of the scarcity of land, however, the parcels are often smaller than this.

Naturally, during the years immediately following the division of the large haciendas, the national agricultural production was upset, until the new arrangements had been worked out; but today there is little to be said against the redistribution, and, with certain exceptions, it is running smoothly. When the distribution of land began, some people complained that the Mexican Indian was incapable of assuming the responsibility of directing his own agricultural work, that he was lazy and a follower of routine, and that since the government gave him the land he had no love for it or interest in conserving it. But the difficulties that arose were not all the peons' fault. The former large landowners had done nothing to educate their workers, nor did they give them



Rural school in the open is part of literacy campaign that is tied in with land reform

responsibility; they hardly treated them as human beings. Also, errors were bound to crop up in the distribution. The farmer was often given land poor in quality, insufficient in area, unimproved by irrigation or modern techniques, and far from the lines of communication and centers of supply and consumption. For many years, the ejidal farmer lacked credit facilities or sufficient water for his crops, and often he had to abandon the fields and flee to the city or continue to work as some neighboring farmer's peon. But the land distribution was eventually followed by the establishment of an official system of agricultural credit, spectacular construction of irrigation projects that made the harvest less speculative, and the building of thousands of rural schools, hospitals and clinics, local roads, and so on. The government now extends credit through the National Ejidal Credit Bank, organizing the ejidos into credit societies, with responsibility for repayment of loans shared by all the ejido members. The aim is to improve the way of life on the ejido in all aspects.

Among the most important results of the Mexican agrarian reform was the establishment of self-sufficient agricultural units in most of the ejidal communities. Perhaps at the start they could have been accused of contributing little to the strengthening of the national economy with their produce, but at least they chased the specter of want and misery from their members' homes.

From 1915 to 1950 a total of 76,570,000 acres of land was redistributed to landless peasants. Of this sum, 5 per cent was irrigated farm land, 22 per cent unirrigated cultivable land, 42 per cent pasture or range, 18 per cent

Primitive river crossing with tobacco in Vera Cruz State. Better transportation is essential to farm progress





Agricultural machinery is a novelty in parts of Mexico. Iron plows are improvement over traditional wooden variety

forests, and 13 per cent other kinds.

Although the distribution of land from the large estates has slowed down since 1941, it still exercises a dominant influence not only on what could be called the normal growth of farm activities but also on any government plans for economic development. According to a recent study by Nathan Whetten, in 1945 there were still 6,883 estates of between 2,470 and 12,350 acres; 1,342 of from 12,350 to 24,700; 751 of from 24,700 to 49,400; 420 of from 49,400 to 98,800; and 301 even larger.

The ejido program has now reached a stage where it exercises a decisive influence on the country's rural economy. The ejido members now make up 42 per cent of the working population and own 47 per cent of the agricultural land. At present there are more than fifteen thousand ejidal communities with two million members, plus their families.

It was natural that this redistribution of many of the large estates would be violently attacked by the parties affected, and that it would serve as a banner for administrations that stemmed from the agrarian revolution of 1910. But, despite the errors, which were inevitable in such a monumental enterprise involving millions of people with no education and little direction, today no one can deny that the ejidal farmer has attained a better standard of living than he had before 1915, and that he is aware of the new social, cultural, and economic position he has won as a result of receiving the land he formerly

irrigated with his sweat, sometimes even with his blood, for the benefit of an absentee landowner. The ejidal members now have better houses, and sometimes the farmers even have modern furniture, radios, and sewing machines. Many of the communities have good drinking water, medical services, and mills for making nixtamal (the dough for making tortillas). They have schools for the children, and easy communication routes where none existed before. Above all, the ejidal farmer is free of the fear of oppression by the landowner and pleased with his economic and social liberation. Finally, the rapid increase in the farmers' purchasing power has given a strong boost to the general economic development of the country.

What Mexico achieved through this transcendental change in land ownership was often either unknown or misrepresented in other parts of the world so that uninformed people thought the agrarian legislation was inspired by the Russian experiment. Actually, the Mexican Government had been distributing land for two years when the Russian revolution began, and the Mexican revolution antedated by seven years the one that dethroned Czar Nicholas. But the Latin American Seminar on Problems of the Land in Campinas indicated a growing interest by government officials and technicians from other countries in the valiant Mexican agrarian experiment. That meeting was an outgrowth of a special resolution of the Sixth World Conference of FAO and of various recommendations of the Fourth Inter-American Agricultural

Conference, held in Montevideo under OAS auspices late in 1950. When the Campinas Seminar ended, it was clear that the use, ownership, and occupation of the land in most of the Latin American countries are still very unsatisfactory.

From the beginning of the meeting, the vulnerability of the latifundium—the large estate—as an economic system was obvious. The technicians pointed out that its principal defect is not only that it offers the workers a very low income but that that income is unfairly distributed. The latifundium often destroys the fertility of the soil by extensive use without fertilizer or modern techniques. It was also revealed that in various types of latifundia, as happened on Mexican haciendas until 1910. a condition of servitude or slavery was artificially perpetuated, a situation that makes the rural class restless and creates popular demand for agrarian reform. It was also stated that the rural people who depend on the latifundia are submerged in the most abject poverty and ignorance, always in debt to the patrón through the credit shops, and therefore barred from any chance of becoming autonomous members of the national economic commu-

In another direction, the examination of a second type of land tenure, the minifundium or small family plot, revealed that its principal defect was that it involved land areas so small that the farms did not provide regular work or an income sufficient for adequate maintenance and support of the rural family.

Calles Dam in Aguascalientes State is part of vast Mexican irrigation program to reclaim desert lands





Members of Lagunera ejido, or collective farm, make sure they gather every boll of cotton



Some ejidos have replaced corn with more profitable crops.

These cooperative farmers in Singley are harvesting sesame

It seemed obvious, then, for the Seminar to recommend two general paths: first, the adoption of governmental measures to subdivide the la:ge latifundia and, second, the regrouping of small, broken-up agricultural properties, the establishment of rural cooperatives, and the application of modern production techniques.

Examples of the advantages of regrouping small holdings can be seen in the experience of Denmark, Ireland, Switzerland, and France in recent years; it should not be too difficult to apply the same principles in such Latin American countries as Bolivia and Mexico. The consolidation can be effected by transferring the excess population to other new agricultural areas that are opened up. Cooperative work can also help increase production on small farms. The per capita cultivated area could also be increased on the ejidos by distribution of the land of members who move to the cities or die without leaving heirs. Another solution would be for the government to buy up the private properties adjoining ejidal lands and turn them over to the ejidos.

Mexico's experience in solving the problem of land tenure and use continues to serve as a starting point and a model for other American nations. In some countries the rural population is 90 per cent of the total, and all those people live and depend exclusively on the products of the fields, yet lack land to cultivate. Undoubtedly because of this situation, the Tenth Inter-American Conference, which met in Caracas in March 1954, resolved to "recommend to the governments of the Hemisphere... to continue, as part of the programs of economic development of their countries, their efforts to carry out agrarian reform in accordance with appropriate technical standards so as to permit a just distribution of land and bring it into production, stimulating the economic organization of the exploitation of such land on the basis of modern systems of land use, in order to improve the living standards of the farm population."

During the World Conference of FAO in Rome in December 1953, it was publicly recognized that Mexico stood at the head of the Latin American nations as far as land reform is concerned; and it was established that the subdivision of the large estates does not, in the long run, cause more rural poverty or permanently diminish the harvests. Sometimes, the application of better techniques even produces better yields after division.

Finally, it is important to remember that the present concept of agrarian reform is not limited to expropriating and distributing the lands of large estates among a landless rural population. It includes broader aspects, such as technical help, credit facilities, crop insurance, mechanization, irrigation systems, better distribution of the harvests to more remunerative markets, and so on.

It is no longer necessary or inevitable that the redistribution of the land be done in a bloody and revolutionary fashion—as it began in Mexico. Agrarian reform peacefully conceived represents a nation's first step toward achieving economic and social progress. The intervention of international organizations, such as the OAS through its technical cooperation program and Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, and the UN, can speed up and guide the process.

After all, in most of the Western Hemisphere countries, the welfare of a whole nation depends on the well-being of the rural population. Improvement of their standard of living will be the best way to raise the standard generally and the most effective barrier to the spread of exotic political doctrines.

Ex-President Emilio Portes Gil sums up well the beneficial results of the agrarian revolution of 1910 in these terms: "Since the public administration began to regard the fulfillment of the agrarian aims of the revolution as a fundamental and inescapable duty, no revolutionary movement has been able to succeed. This has been so because in the course of our history the farmers were the ones who contributed the blood, who made the triumph of rebellions possible; but today, seeing their fundamental aspirations and needs satisfied, they are the first to offer their enthusiastic and sincere aid to the revolutionary regime."

In other words, the solution of the Mexican agrarian problem has put an end to the eternal revolutions that wore out the country for more than a century. If that were all that had been achieved, it would have been more than enough.



Machado de Assis at twenty-five



# aster of irony

MACHADO DE ASSIS, BRAZIL'S GREAT NOVELIST

#### William L. Grossman

TAKE SOCRATES, with all his intellectual integrity and independence, his ability to expose fundamental popular errors, his sense of irony, and his homely face. Without sacrificing any of these characteristics, make your Socrates excessively sensitive to personal indignity and given to stammering when offended. To account for the sensitivity, make him a diminutive, sickly mulatto of humble origin. Lastly, make him a perhaps inordinately formal and correct minor government official. This modified Socrates will serve as a reasonably accurate first impression of the brilliant Brazilian writer Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis.

Machado's greatness was recognized in Brazil during his lifetime. In 1897, with the founding of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, he was unanimously elected its president, an office he held until his death in 1908. Rui Barbosa, Brazil's famous liberal statesman, delivered the funeral oration. Machado's statue may now be seen in front of the academy building on Avenida Presidente Wilson in Rio. Streets bear his name, his head appears on coin and postage stamp, and a copious Brazilian literature has grown up about him. Only recently, however, has the world outside Brazil come to recognize Machado for what he is: an ironist of classic proportions. The final step towards this recognition was the

publication of three of his novels in English—Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas (translated under the title Epitaph of a Small Winner), Dom Casmurro, and Quincas Borba (called Philosopher or Dog? in the English version). Some have also been translated into German, French, Italian, and Spanish.

Machado was born on June 21, 1839, in Rio de Janeiro, to a mulatto house-painter and a white woman from Portugal, believed to have been a laundress. His mother died when he was still a very small boy. His father remarried and, shortly after, left Machado an orphan in the care of his stepmother—a kindly, ignorant mulatto woman who got a job as cook in a girls' high school and made candy on the side. Machado sold the candy in the streets.

One is tempted to relate events in Machado's life to aspects of his literary product. His short story "A Mulher Pálida" (The Pale Woman), for example, may be in part a consequence of his mother's early death. In this story he tells of a young poet who is spurned by the lady of his choice until he inherits a fortune. Finding her favors distasteful under the circumstances, he dismisses her as insufficiently pale. Thereafter he courts and jilts one girl after another in his ironic search for a woman ever paler. The closest to his ideal is a woman

in the last stages of pulmonary tuberculosis. The story ends with his own death—"pale death," as Machado says. Combined with ridicule of the romantic quest, we may have in this story a reflection of Machado's own inner longing for the white mother he lost so early in life.

Very likely Machado was admitted as a familiar in the home of his aristocratic godmother, the widow of a prominent statesman. In this apparently gracious Dona Maria (note the "Maria" in Machado's name), perhaps there is the germ of Machado's predilection for widows: charming widows come repeatedly into his stories. Possibly also his contacts with Dona Maria's household made it impossible for him to find the root of all evil in aristocracy or in an aristocratic society. Despite his poverty, Machado was never a social revolutionary. To him the great object of insight was the structure and activity not of society but of the human mind.

In his childhood Machado began to experience spells or attacks of some sort, doubtless forerunners of the epilepsy that was to plague him in later life. Thin, myopic, never safe from epileptic attack, Machado exhibited throughout his life the curious combination of shyness and intense need for companionship that char-

acterizes many sickly persons.

With a brilliant mind and an inadequate body, Machado very naturally turned to things of the spirit. By the time he was thirteen or fourteen years old he had apparently made up his mind to become a man of letters an ambitious project for a boy whose poverty limited his formal education to elementary school. From 1855, when his first published verse appeared, literature was Machado's life. He became a member of a group of young writers and even managed to earn his living through literature—first as a typographer's assistant in the government printing office and then as proofreader for a private publisher and for a newspaper. In 1859, Machado and a friend founded a little magazine, which lasted about a year. From 1860 to 1867 he worked for an important newspaper, Diario do Rio de Janeiro, as reporter and editorial writer, and for many years thereafter he wrote intermittently for the press. It was, however, a book of verse, Crisálidas, published in 1864, that established Machado firmly as one of the prominent literary figures of the Brazilian capital.

Machado tried his hand at virtually every form of literature. He wrote a number of plays, all bad. He wrote a great deal of literary criticism, so good that the famous writer José de Alencar regarded him as the finest critic in Brazil. Machado's essay Ideal do Crítico, written in 1865, is one of the best short statements ever written of the function of the critic. In it Machado emphasizes the critic's need for urbanity and moderation in expression, freedom from personal vanity, and tolerance. With respect to this last quality, Machado aphorized: "Pode haver um homem de bem no corpo de um mahometano, pode haver uma verdade na obra de um realista [A good man may be hidden in the body of a Mohammedan, and an element of truth in the work of a realist]." Although he achieved success as poet, journalist, and critic, however, Machado's finest work was done in the field of

fiction. About thirty of his more than one hundred short stories and three of the nine novels in his collected works may safely be called masterpieces.

In 1867 Machado obtained a position in the government, and in time he received a series of promotions. In 1876 he became the director of a section in the Department of Agriculture, with a salary high enough to permit him to live in considerable comfort. It was almost impossible for even a successful writer to earn a good

living in Brazil by royalties alone.

In 1869 Machado de Assis married a cultured white woman from Portugal. Five years older than her husband, she served him as wife, nurse, and literary assistant. Perhaps her relatives' opposition to the marriage made Machado more sensitive than ever about his color, for after marriage he stopped visiting his mulatto stepmother. Indeed, the visits had already become infrequent. Upon his stepmother's death, however, he made a point of acknowledging the relationship—perhaps a sign of remorse.

Despite the inadequacy of his formal education, Machado became one of the most cultured and, in the profound sense of the term, sophisticated Brazilians of his generation. He mastered French well enough to write acceptable verse in that language, and English well enough to make a Portuguese translation of Poe's The Raven incredibly close to the original in meaning, spirit, and general tone. ("Nunca mais" becomes as unforgettable as "nevermore.") There is a tradition that he also translated a novel by Dickens, but no copy of this translation has been found. He read extensively in all three languages. Allusions and concepts in his works suggest that he was especially impressed by Shakespeare, Swift, Fielding, Dickens, Pascal, Voltaire, and possibly Hugo. Eager to know more literature in the original language, he began in middle age to study German and Greek. Socrates in his advanced years, it will be remembered, went to school to learn music.

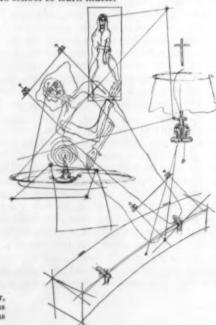


Illustration from Epitaph of a Small Winner, English translation of Machado's Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas



In old age, Machado de Assis was revered deun of Brazilian letters

In his writings, which at the start were conventional enough, Machado fought through to an individuality and an insight that made him remarkably independent of his environment. Though he lived in a provincial part of the world—he spent his entire life in and near Rio de Janeiro—in an age that was going wrong on first principles, Machado's mind turned like a compass needle toward universality and fundamental truth. So much so, in fact, that for a time his work fell out of favor in Brazil because it was said to be un-Brazilian.

Although the Brazil of his day was culturally a province of France, or rather of Paris, Machado recognized truth and effective means of presenting it wherever he found them-and he found them at least as much in English literary tradition as in French. Machado exhibits a strong vein of British humor, in which disenchantment or even bitterness, restrained by the British tradition of the stiff upper lip (alien to both Parisian and Carioca), takes the form of urbane understatement and irony. Disgusted by the superficiality of the ordinary man's mind and by the dominance of naturalistic self-affirmation even in supposedly civilized behavior, Machado does not rant or moralize; he simply tells the life story of a Brazilian Everyman named Braz Cubas. Braz has a betterthan-average share of the supposedly good things of life: he is handsome and wealthy, has the love of a beautiful woman, dabbles in literature, journalism, politics, and organized charity, takes up philosophy, and so on. Braz's principal objectives are perfectly normal: to avoid unpleasantness and to satisfy his appetites with a minimum of offense to his conscience. Utterly lacking in any higher discipline, his life adds up to a hodgepodge of minor satisfactions and major frustrations.

The story is told lightly, entertainingly, but, for those who have eyes to see it, with the deep and horrified insight of an Old Testament prophet. This novel, entitled Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas, was published in book form in 1881—it had appeared earlier as a serial in a periodical—and clearly established Machado as Brazil's greatest man of letters. It is unquestionably a classic, and was recognized as such by North American and British literary critics upon its recent publication in English.

The existence of strong Old Testament elements in Machado was suggested to me in Rio a few years ago by a North American nun who was writing a doctoral dissertation on him. Many devout people, both lay and clerical, are fascinated by the writings of this unbeliever. He was never able to overcome the theological Problem

of Evil—that is, the question of how evil, of which he was terribly aware, could exist in a world governed by God. On his deathbed Machado refused extreme unction. "It would be hypocrisy," he said. He had ridiculed hypocrisy in several of his works and was especially critical of it in relation to religion. For example, a person who gave time or money to religious charitable organizations in order to gain prestige, to soothe his conscience, or simply to feel pleased with himself, came under Machado's withering fire. This strange unbeliever implied that only a genuinely religious motive, only loving kindness, could make such conduct acceptable. Unbelief plus religious values—a fundamental Machadian paradox.

His integrity and good sense saved him from the then dominant French philosophy, which Brazilians had adopted with more enthusiasm than the French themselves. This was the philosophy of Comte, who maintained that theology and metaphysics had to be abandoned in favor of science based upon experience, and that the only true religion was the "religion of humanity." Comte said that mankind was the proper object of worship and the ultimate principle of the world. This was more nonsense than a clear-sighted intellectual like Machado could bear. Machado invented a mad philosopher, Quincas Borba, and in the novel of that name he let Borba expound a "new" philosophy, containing not only elements of Comte's religion of humanity but also the approval of war and strife that was already in the air and was soon to be philosophically sanctioned by Nietzsche (who became as mad as Borba). Machado did not say, or make one of his characters say, that all this was absurd; he let the absurdity speak for itself. Here and in general, Machado refused to spoon-feed the reader. Slothful reading is not conducive to an understanding of the Brazilian master and may account in part for the fact that the general public has never taken to Machado so wholeheartedly as have the literary critics.

In other ways, too, Machado rose above the short-comings of the age in which he lived. Although much of his early fiction was fairly consistent with romanticism, the prevailing literary tradition, Machado saw the limitations of this tradition and, as soon as his reputation was securely established, he broke away from it. At the same time he was extremely critical of the excesses of the school of realism which during his lifetime developed its protest against romanticism. Machado's position in his best works is difficult to classify, but may perhaps be described as a combination of classic irony and psychological realism. In these works, Machado rarely described in detail a room or a landscape or even a person's appearance. He had little interest in outer nature. To him, the proper study of man was inner man.

Because Machado was interested primarily in the human mind or spirit, he relegated sociological, economic, and political considerations to a wholly subordinate position. Thus he ran counter to a trend of his time, and indeed of our time, too. The things that fascinated and irritated Machado, and about which he wrote in his best works with such penetration and humor,

were not the problems of society but the superficiality, selfishness, and general spiritual inadequacy of the individual man.

Popular overemphasis on political issues sometimes inspired Machado to satire, as in his story about the music publisher who, in search of a title that will sell, names a new polka "Hurrah for Direct Elections." When the Conservative Party comes into power, this publisher calls on his best composer, who is fatally ill, for a polka in honor of the occasion. The dying composer ironically offers to write two, so that the publisher may have one in reserve to celebrate the Liberal Party's return to power. The contrast between tragic personal reality (in this case imminent death) and the trivial business with which man fills out his days is a recurrent Machadian theme.

Sometimes Machado's unwillingness to take a position on a political issue irritated his countrymen. No one even knew whether he was a monarchist or a republican. It is said that at one time his acquaintances thought they had finally discovered the secret: Machado was a monarchist, for he had objected strenuously to the removal of the Emperor's portrait from his office after the abdication in 1890. However, they subsequently learned that his objections had been based upon the failure of the movers to present all the necessary official documents required for the removal of an item of government property. It was Machado the correct bureaucrat, not Machado the monarchist, who had objected.

To get to the heart of Machado's fiction, one should always bear in mind that his orientation is essentially humanistic rather than humanitarian. This may be exemplified by his short story "Pai Contra Mae" (Father Versus Mother), which tells of a young man who finds a runaway slave woman and returns her to her master. The man does this in order to obtain the reward, which will enable him to keep his child at home instead of sending it to a charitable institution. The fact that the slave woman is pregnant and terrified at the whipping she will receive does not deter him. He hands her over, collects the reward, and sees her suffer a miscarriage. Returning home, he blesses the flight of the slave for having made it possible for him to keep his child. Is this a story about the evils of slavery? Or is it a story about the indifference of one human being, in pursuit of normal, acceptable ends (in this case the retention of his child), to the welfare of another human being? Is its theme not the conflict between the morality of the ordinary man and the commandment (one of the two on which "all the law and the prophets depend") that a man love his neighbor as himself? As usual, Machado is writing about spiritual fundamentals, which can be made vivid only through specific circumstances. These circumstances themselves are not his primary concern.

Perhaps Machado's basically humanistic approach, his tendency to think in terms of the individual human spirit rather than of men in the mass, accounts for his attitude toward the abolition of slavery. Although he appears to have favored abolition, his liberal admirers were greatly disturbed by his failure to give this cause active support. Machado was not the sort of thinker who would expect social reforms to provide ultimate solutions to human problems; it would have been very like him to suspect that the welfare of the slaves depended less upon emancipation in itself than on the willingness of men to treat them, whether as slaves or as ex-slaves, on a moral and civilized basis. Or perhaps there was some sort of dark, subconscious connection between his lukewarm reaction to abolition and his unkindness to his mulatto stepmother.

Long before modern psychiatric concepts had become common knowledge, Machado used them in his work. Apparently he discovered them for himself by observation and introspection. His strange masterpiece Dom Casmurro (1900) has strong Freudian undertones, although it was written prior to the publication of the books by Freud that made the theory of psychoanalysis available to lay readers.

Unlike Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas, which appeals chiefly to the intellect, Dom Casmurro has powerful emotional effect. It is a fictional autobiography, more than half of which is intimately devoted to the adolescence of its sensitive first person, Bento, so that one comes to know almost at first hand the intensity of Bento's need for the exclusive love of earthy, circumspect Capitú. When, some years after their marriage, Bento thinks he discovers Capitú's infidelity and the illegitimacy of their child, the poignancy of the disaster is therefore overwhelming. The modern reader, who generally fancies himself a psychiatric diagnostician, may be tempted to piece together certain symptoms scattered more or less casually through the earlier parts of the book: Bento's reverence for his widowed mother ("a saint"), his jealousy on little provocation, his vague death wish toward both his mother and Capitú, his guilty, unspoken feeling of love for the wife of the man whom he came to suspect of being Capitú's lover. And the reader may begin to wonder to what degree elements within Bento himself were responsible for the tragedy. Some readers believe that Machado intended to leave unanswered the question whether the tragedy resulted from actual infidelity by Capitú or from Bento's psychological urge to think her unfaithful. By this interpretation, Machado's theme is the irony of the "psychological fact" and its elusive relationship to actuality.

Having long since driven away his wife and child, Bento builds himself a house identical with the one in which he lived as a boy with his mother. Thus Machado recognized the neurotic's tendency to revert to infantile satisfactions. Many such instances of Freudian insight may be found in his novels. At the end of Dom Casmurro we find Bento undertaking to write a history of the suburbs of Rio—another example of the Machadian contrast between tragic reality and man's trivial busy-ness.

With the ever-increasing availability of his works, Machado's permanence in the pantheon of world literature is assured. His special brew of fundamental truth leavened with wit and fine writing will always attract the elite who read neither to escape reality nor to wallow in morbidity but to see reality through the clear vision of a superior mind.



THE ARGENTINE DANCE THAT SWEPT

THE WORLD

#### Roberto Mujica Láinez and Betty Wilson

A SHRILL, sweet melody breaks into the silence of the night, punctuated by a streetcar bell, a policeman's whistle, or the barking of a dog. Leaning against the standard of a kerosene lamp on the corner of Suárez and Necochea, in the old Boca section of Buenos Aires, a young tough waiting for his girl whistles an improvised tango. As he waits, he grows impatient and tosses the butt of a cheap cigarette into a puddle that reflects the Southern Cross. Ten bells from the tower of a nearby church split the quiet night, and the girl's silhouette looms up in the darkness. The tough-a hollow-eyed creature whose nights are long and whose days are short, with a kerchief around his neck, high-heeled boots, and a carnation stuck behind his ear-looks the other way, feigning indifference. And in the silence of the quarter he starts to whistle again the melody that as the years pass will be known around the world.

That is how the tango began, more than fifty years ago in the suburbs of Buenos Aires, sung and whistled by the neighborhood people long before it was written down. From district to district the guitars and the petty ruffians' voices carried it, and on the lips of the horsecar conductor it passed through the center of town, where they rejected it.

No one rejects it any more. Scholarly tango enthusiasts, known as tangueros, split into factions and argue endlessly over fine points of technique, rejecting false elements with all the intolerance of jazz purists. Argentine intellectuals like the distinguished Ezequiel Martinez Estrada write learned essays about it. The U.S. writer

Waldo Frank calls it the most beautiful of all popular dances, and compares its stylized profile motions to the figures on Egyptian bas-reliefs. The Japanese prefer it to any other Occidental dance. Montmartre took le tango argentin to its heart, and sent it back home with a French flavor. German orchestras play it with a martial beat and blaring woodwinds. The most North American of all North American musicians played a work listed simply as Tango at his debut concert in New York; the date was 1914, and the pianist-composer was a sixteen-year-old youth named George Gershwin.

Now that the tango is thus hallowed, there are those who dispute the story of its humble origin in the Buenoa Aires slums. They deny its being typical of Argentina, and even attribute an Andalusian background to it because, for a short while at the end of the last century, a tango-andaluz was popular in Spain. Actually, neither the music nor the very name is of European origin. The rhythmic chant "Tan-go!" used to start off the candombes, the Negro dances accompanied by drums, and the definition given by the Dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy is "Fiesta and dance of the Negroes or common people in America." Nothing we can think of offhand is so genuinely Argentine.

About 1880 the salons of the Buenos Aires town houses were still echoing to the waltz, the mazurka, and other European imports. But on warm nights, when the grilled windows stood open, the young ladies dancing under the watchful eye of parents and grandparents could hear a very different kind of music. If the breeze



Valentino's tango in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (1921) amused Argentines. Not only is style incorrect, but story is laid in Spain

was from the river, where the Negroes and mulattoes assembled for the candombe, it brought with it the beat of African drums. If the wind came from inland, the guitar music of the pampas invaded the perfumed salons from the Plaza Miserere, where gauchos who brought wagonloads of goods to town stamped out malambos or sang vidalitas around the bonfires.

The man of the suburbs was neither gaucho, Negro, nor aristocrat. He was an indigenous product of the Buenos Aires outskirts, a mixture of Creole and immigrant. He scorned the Negro and looked upon the gilded youth of society with mingled envy and ridicule. His medium was neither the center of town nor the riverbank; he lived in his suburb and was proud of it. Of all the people of Buenos Aires, he was in the closest contact with the three kinds of music wafting over the city. His own dance, when on summer nights he and his neighbors got together on the dimly lighted sidewalks to drink maté, was the milonga. You can still find it in Argentina-a mixture of gaucho guitars, Negro rhythm, Spanish melody, and steps that were the neighborhood's jocose commentary on both the elegant waltz and the primitive candombe. It is slower than the tango and sounds surprisingly Caribbean; in fact, its original agitation had been tempered before long by the suavity and Cuban cadence of the habanera. This is the dance that by the turn of the century had evolved into the so-called tango-milonga and then into a recognizable likeness of

the modern tango.

Down to about 1915, the tango had no words. The melody was simple, in straight 4/4 time—the "push" that identifies it nowadays came quite late. If they heard it at all, the respectable people from the center of town would shrug and say: "Oh, the tango! That's for those neighborhood toughs!" The dancers' movements, indeed, were notably sensual, though the music was considerably less so than now. And so, for a decade or more, it was confined to the lowest sort of dives. In the end, the proud tango did not invade the drawing rooms; rather, society came to the suburbs to seek it out.

The first place where young men of good family danced the tango (not, it need hardly be added, with young ladies of equivalent reputation) was a German beer garden called Hansen's, in the Palermo district. Just as Paris had its Jane Avril, Buenos Aires had its blond Mireya, and she danced at Hansen's. She was not the first or even the greatest; among her colleagues were Azucena Maizani, who is still living, and Mercedes Simone, among others, and the line includes the outstanding contemporary singer Libertad Lamarque, now making movies in Mexico. The early women performers sang in a hoarse style and dressed like male gigolos, in dark tight suits and slouch hats, with kerchiefs around their necks. But despite the competition, there was something about Mireya, and she has been the subject of many tangos since. Bands of young gentlemen who had

heard rumors of her began going to Hansen's to watch her dance. Hansen's, renowned for its brawls often resolved by police intervention, was not the sort of place gentlemen frequented, and the regular habitués were not too well pleased by their incursion. More than one row occurred between the two gangs, which gave Jorge Newbery, a well-known sportsman whose parents came from the United States, an opportunity to demonstrate an art he had imported from Harvard—boxing.

The young Italian Baron of Marchi, a companion of Newbery's on these forays, was so entranced by the tango that he determined to vindicate it before polite society. Under his sponsorship, an exhibition was held in one of the salons, which was attended by young girls and their grandmothers who must have been a trifle scandalized. If they had any protests to make, they had no chance of carrying them to the enterprising baron, for he had taken to the dance floor himself and was engaged in an expurgated version polished and refined "for the downtown drawing rooms." The exhibition was a triumph.

But the vicissitudes of the tango were not yet over. The young might be dancing it madly; the old continued to regard it as indecent. Eventually, the dispute reached the ears of Pope Pius XI. His Holiness agreed to pass judgment on it. In what must have been one of the strangest scenes ever to take place in the Vatican, Casimiro Aín, the leading dancer of the day, performed it with his partner to the music of a phonograph, before an attentive Pontiff. Thereupon, Pius XI gave the princes

of the Church his approval of the tango.

In Argentina, the tango is considered very masculine. One way the uninitiated can identify the genuine tango is by the strong beat at the end, followed by a weak beat; U.S. tangos, for instance, omit this but gratuitously insert a pizzicato in the bass. The staccato element in much contemporary tango music owes its origin to Juan D'Arienzo's addition of the piano to the tango ensemble. It was D'Arienzo-many of the best tango conductors are of Italian descent-who, around 1930, rescued the tango from complaints, induced by the influence of jazz, that it was "too slow." As a matter of fact, under the speed-up begun by D'Arienzo's orchestra, it soon became so fast that singers had difficulty keeping up with it. Later, a reaction set in, so now all kinds are heard. All are acceptable to one tanguero faction or another, but they unite in condemning as monstrosities such compositions as Rapsodia en Tango, for two pianos and a large orchestra, with their overtones of Gershwin and the Hollywood sound track. The standard components of a real tango ensemble are contrabass, violin, piano, and bandoneón. This last, a low-voiced accordion or concertina of German origin, is said to "cry." It is mentioned in many tango lyrics because, among other things, it makes a convenient rhyme for corazón (heart).

If one individual more than another is associated with the tango as we know it, that individual is Carlos Gardel. Because of him, Spanish Americans everywhere took to addressing each other with the typically Argentine "che" (roughly "Hey, you!" but attached to the end of almost every sentence), and the present importance of tango lyrics can also be traced to him. He came out of heaven knows where in the twenties: he never talked about himself, and all that can be definitely stated about his background is that his mother was French and that he was brought up in the gutters of Buenos Aires. He appeared in France, made movies in the United States, and toured the Hemisphere. His death in a plane crash at Medellín,

Carlos Gardel, greatest of tango singers, in Cuesta Abajo, one of movies he made in United States for distribution in Latin America



Colombia, nearly twenty years ago stunned the continent. A day of nation-wide mourning was declared in Argentina, and faithfully observed; his photograph can still be found in poor homes, sharing the place of honor with a picture of the Virgin. The best of his imitators is the handsome young Hugo del Carril, who also acts in and directs movies. Alberto Castillo, another successor, clutches the microphone and sways, like the Frank Sinatra of ten years ago; everyone listens to him, and no one takes him seriously.

As Gershwin's pre-World War I recital demonstrates, the tango early became established in the United States. Everyone knows "La Cumparsita" and "Adiós Muchachos" and (under the name "Kiss of Fire") "El Choclo." A year or two ago, Leroy Anderson's "Blue Tango" exhausted every patron of restaurants containing jukeboxes. It is also a matter of record that a potent influence in popularizing the tango around the world was Rudolph Valentino's torrid performance of it in The Gaucho and in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The sad but perhaps irrelevant truth is, not even the first of these films and certainly not Valentino's dance bore more than a passing family resemblance to anything Argentine, and Valentino's heavy-breathing passion, his whip, and his Spanish costume were laughed at in Buenos Aires, U.S. orchestras and dancers in general give the tango a tropical languor quite foreign to the real thing. But then, in the United States Latin music is Latin music, and to the devil with hair-splitting; one of the best-known U.S. tangos, Vincent Youmans' "Orchids in the Moonlight," was introduced in a film called Flying Down to Rio.



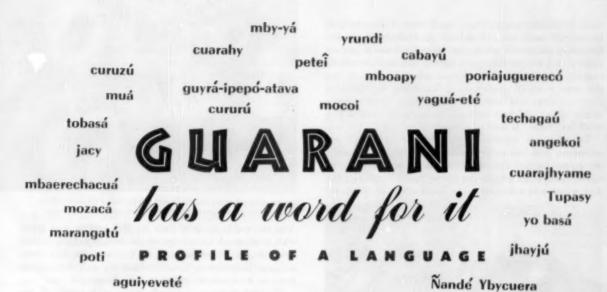
Only France, of all the countries to which the tango spread, has left a permanent imprint on it. It was exported to Paris in the twenties, under the aegis of orchestra leaders like Francisco Canaro (who was to the tango what Paul Whiteman was to jazz, with whatever that implies of praise or damnation). Carlos Gardel, the incomparable, sang it there, and it was in Paris that his style jelled. The young men who had gone to Hansen's to learn it now showed it off at the Moulin Rouge or the Perroquet. The old-timer "Jalousie" is a typical French tango, with its slow, heavy rhythm. Even the genuine Argentine article has been produced in France; the famous composer Delfino spent a lot of time there, and his lyrics are filled with references to snow, cold boulevards, and other items unknown in Buenos Aires. With the tango, when it returned home, came cabarets called Casino Pigalle, Tabaris, Armenonville, Chanteclair, that blossomed all over town, replacing the old public dance halls.

Yet being sung in French, German, Japanese, and English, and being danced by millions to whom its rhythm is foreign, have not robbed the tango of its personality. It remains the song of Buenos Aires-even though there, as elsewhere, the classic of them all is "La Cumparsita," by the Uruguayan Matos Rodríguez, which has accumulated many different sets of lyrics. The titles of popular tangos over the years reflect the city's recent history—a duel, the arrival in port of a big ship—or merely pay it tribute. The national independence day is memorialized in "9 de Julio"; a political party is celebrated in "Unión Cívica"; a prominent jockey is hailed in "Leguisamo Solo"; the homesickness of those so unwise as to have left is lamented in "Mi Buenos Aires Querido" (My Beloved Buenos Aires) or "Anclado en París" (Anchored in Paris). In general, tango lyrics may be divided into two distinct classes. One kind is satirical, with social implications; the second, and more famous, is abysmally sad. In the latter, the most ludicrous words are sung with breathless passion. A typical lyric is Discépolo's "Esta Noche Me Emborracho" (Tonight I'm Getting Drunk), whose hero has seen his old flame coming out of a cabaret. Ten years ago she was young and beautiful; now her face is raddled and her hair dyed. Discépolo, whose wife Tania was his best interpreter, first appeared about 1920, and when he died a few years ago, one of the newest and biggest theaters in Buenos Aires, the Alvear, was renamed for him; his intelligent, bitter lyrics are extremely representative of the modern tango style. What causes the bitterness is often a sense of having misspent one's life. Indeed, nothing could be more moral than the tango lyric-sin leads to unending remorse, and, like Delfino's heroes, one was always happier before renouncing the country for the big city.

Thus the tango has gone out from the suburbs of Buenos Aires to the four corners of the earth. It is not at all impossible that somewhere in the world, at this very moment, someone is whistling an improvised tango, like the young tough on the corner of Suárez and Necochea.

Tango originated in working-class Buenos Aires neighborhoods like the Boca

71 dieres 48borss



Justo Pastor Benitez

THE MEXICAN HISTORIAN Silvio Zavala told me that during his stay in Paraguay he was invited to see a play in Asunción. Throughout the entire performance, which was punctuated by bursts of laughter and applause from the large audience, he sat impassive. He had not understood a single word. How could this happen to a Spanishspeaking person in a Spanish-speaking nation? The answer lies in the fact that Paraguay is totally bilingual, and the drama was in Guarani, the Indian tongue that dates from pre-Columbian times. Almost every Paraguayan speaks Guarani as well as Spanish, and in many rural areas the indigenous tongue even ranks first. Priests and politicians often address their rural audiences in Guaraní. Paraguayans can even tell livelier anecdotes in the Indian tongue (perhaps that is why their literature in Spanish lacks satirists and short-story writers). Let's see what brought this phenomenon about.

The Spanish conquistadors had to learn Guarani to deal with the Cario Indians of eastern Paraguay, and, since it was an intertribal language, with other indigenous people. Catholic priests had to learn it to give religious instruction. An early expert was Fray Luis de Bolaños, who translated Christian prayers into Guarani. The foremost of the linguists was Antonio Ruiz de Montova, a Jesuit from Lima, who, after organizing the first reductions, studied the language, compiled phrase lists, and wrote a dictionary (Arte y Vocabulario de la Lengua Guarani) and a grammar (Catecismo de la Lengua Guarani). By publishing original religious works and translations in Guarani, the Jesuits helped preserve and perfect the indigenous language. Only Guarani was used in preaching the Gospel. Since civil Paraguayan society had few writers, the speakers set the standards, and the oratorical tradition of Guaraní continues to this day.

Guaraní outgrew the simple-native-language stage during the Spanish colonization. From the very first it infiltrated Paraguayan society, just as the Guaraní Indian himself—or rather herself—intermarried and became Christian. It was not offered in the schools, but the Indian mothers helped keep it alive by teaching it to their children while the fathers worked the farms or went off to war. Unlike Spanish, however, the language is almost contagious and does not require concentrated study. Spanish—or Caraí-ñeé, as the Indians called it—was a sort of worldly, gentleman's language, and thus came to predominate at official ceremonies and social functions; Guaraní—or Aváñeé—took over at home. Because of the Spaniards' racial tolerance and the Indians' adaptability, the vernacular was readily accepted here, though not in other parts of the New World.

Later an important part in Guarani's survival as a living language was played by the army, especially during the López era (1844-70) and the six-year war with which it ended, and the Chaco War from 1932 to 1936. Guarani being the soldiers' first choice, their officers had to be able to carry on informal conversations in it if they wanted to really know their men. During the Chaco War new words were developed out of the old; for example, guyrá-ipepó-atava (stiff-winged bird) means airplane; muá (firefly), automobile; cururú (frog's croaking), machine gun; and so on. Thus we have a modern lingo for modern times. Much of the army code was in Guarani, hence doubly difficult to decipher.

Guarani should never be allowed to become a dialect of badly spoken Spanish. Though unsuited to abstract concepts or ideas and unadaptable to scientific or philosophical culture, it is still a useful language, both colorful and onomatopoeic. Its greatest contribution has been in the naming of plants and animals, for the Indians had acute powers of observation and description. Jungledwelling sons of the tropics, they kept close watch on their danger-filled surroundings and always had an eye open for edible grains, fruits, and roots. They also had to concoct medicines, stimulants, and alcoholic drinks. But these pragmatic naturalists knew little about astronomy, a fact reflected by their having only such words as cuarahy (sun), jacy (moon), and mby-yá (star). It was the same story in mathematics. According to Montoya, their numbers did not go beyond four: petei (one), mocoi (two), mboapy (three), and yrundi (four). The word for "hand" is used to indicate "five."

The Guaraní vocabulary is expressive, though not extensive, and has never remained static. For example, the guitar became the maracá (Indian baby rattle); the horse, cabayú, an adaptation of the Spanish caballo; the dog, which was unknown to the Indians, yaguá (formerly



The word guarani means "war" or "warrior," and the Indian tongue is still first choice among servicemen in Paraguay

"jaguar"). The jaguar itself became the yaguá-eté (eté means "real").

As the Indians accepted Christianity, they coined words to fit it: Tupá (God), ñe-mombeú (to confess), ñesú (to kneel), tobasá (to bless), Tupaó (House of the Lord, church), Tupasy (the Virgin Mary), yo basá (to cross oneself), and curuzú (the Cross). The original language has been enriched more and more by Christian expressions connoting sentiments: jhayjú (to love), marangatú (kindness), poti (righteousness), mozacá (friendship), aguiyeveté (gratitude), mbaerechacuá (philanthropy), poriajuguerecó (charity), techagaú (nostalgia), and angekoi (grief). Thus the Indian tongue has become an integral part of Paraguayan emotions, and much of their poetry is written in "the sweet language of the absent race."

The already limited vocabulary of Paraguayan Spanish has been further impoverished by the availability of



Paraguayan plays are staged in either Spanish or Guarani, often to confusion of foreigners who do not know the native language

Guaraní words to mix with it. But writers and poets with a thorough knowledge of the Indian tongue as well as of the classic language of Cervantes escape this shortcoming. Domínguez, Gondra, Moreno, and Archbishop Bogarin were equally gifted in both languages.

Guaraní poetry is intensely lyric, with traces of the melancholy depth of the native music. In fact, it is often accompanied by guitar or harp, both favorites in Paraguay. Narciso R. Colmán wrote Ocara-Poty (Flowers of the Field) and a cosmogonic poem, Nandé Ybycuera (Our Forebears). Pane and O'Leary also wrote sonnets in Guaraní; the former to Don Quixote, and the latter to the Cross. But Marcelino Pérez Martínez, author of Rechagaú (Nostalgia), ranks among the best. Manuel Ortiz Guerrero, who set Pérez Martínez' lyric poems to music, also wrote India and Panambi-Verá. Here is a stanza from the latter:

Panambi che rapé rame Resevá re yero Ky Nde pepó cuarajhyame Tamó raé a ñe ño ty.

Translated, it would read something like this: "Restless butterfly, dancing in my path, I wish I had the good



Residence in Asunción. Families usually speak Guaraní at home, while more formal Spanish predominates at official functions

fortune to repose in the elusive shadow of your wings."
Leopoldo Benítez translated the National Anthem into
Guaraní, and Francisco M. Barrios—brother of Agustín

Guaraní, and Francisco M. Barrios—brother of Agustín Barrios, who originated our polka—the Cacique Nitzuga, song to the Pleiades. Darío Gómez Serrato, musician and poet, has written some very sensitive verses. Here is the first stanza of his Na Saindy (By Moonlight):

Yasi morotí remañá mombiriva che rejhé rejhovo Pi a tarovagui maro ndere keiva cheicha ite avei Jha chéicha re moñara araca'é ve yajhupytiyva Ndeco che reindí yasí mrotí maña asî mi.

White moon, looking on me from distant space, Like me, you pursue the unattainable and cannot sleep Because of your anguish; you are my sister, Beautiful pale lady of the gentle gaze.

As early as 1930 there were attempts to stage plays in the Indian tongue, but it was the Chaco War that gave the Guaraní theater its real start. In this unique, intimate drama, found only in Paraguay, satire and tragedy predominate. Originally the actors were rank amateurs, but they have improved with practice and study. Now there are sparkling satirists like José Rivas and Ernesto Báez.

One of the best-known playwrights is Julio Correa, considered the founder, who has captured the hearts of the people with his insight into their emotions and longings, his gibes at the pretenders and the powerful, and his defense of the peasants. So it is in his play Yby-yara (The Exploiting Landowner). There is whiplash strength to his works, which are staged in Asunción and in remote corners of the country: Guerra-ayá (During the War), Nandé Mbaera-é (What Will Not Be Ours), Pleito Riré (After the Lawsuit), and Carai Eulogio (Mr. Eulogio). Some of his comedies-Sandia Ybygui (Hidden Watermelon), for example—poke fun at draft dodgers. Honorio Causa satirizes a character who had received an honorary doctorate. Touring companies perform these plays around the countryside, and during the Chaco War they proved to be great morale-builders among the soldiers.

Roque Centurión Miranda, actor and author, heads a



Cigar-smoking Indian mother and daughter "join hearts in a task". Mbo-py-á-petêi, Scorned by men, cigars are considered effeminate

small drama school, has successfully staged *Tuyū* (The Mud), and collaborated with Josefina Plá on *Porasy*, an opera libretto in Guaraní. Luis Ruffinelli, author of *Sorprendidos y Desconocidos* (Surprised and Unknown).



In southern Mato Grosso, Brazilian Indians speak simplified dialect of Tupi, one of main branches of Tupi-Guarani language family



Melancholy native music often accompanies intensely lyric Guarani poetry. Shown here, Indian instrument played to dispel sadness

wrote Guariniro (In Time of War) in the vernacular. Like Correa, Centurión and Ruffinelli have had fun at the expense of those who would not serve in the war. Félix Fernández, a songwriter, wrote several plays—Paraguay Memby (Son of Paraguay) and Saijhoby (Blue Bird), among others.

Where Guaraní is richest is in proverbs and sayings that sum up the wisdom of the people. The Spanish proverb "Obras son amores y no razones" (Deeds, not explanations, are love) has its Guaraní equivalent: Te mbiapo cué porânteco mboraijhú rechucajhá nda jhaei ñeé porá poraró pyré, literally "Good deeds, and not beautiful words, are proof of love." Another proverb—Mboriajú rente oava rayo—translates "Only poor men are struck by lightning."

During the war of 1864-70 a Guarani newspaper called Cabichui (Black Wasp) was very popular with the troops. Again during the constitutional era there were some successful weeklies, like El Enano (The Dwarf), which



Church belltower at Ypacaray. Even today, priests address their congregations in Guarani

was published half in Spanish and half in Guaraní. Ocara Poty-cue Mí (Little Flowers of the Field), which contained a wealth of folklore, came out around 1920. Other publications followed to provide the people with plenty of good reading.

Today some two and a half million people speak Guarani—in Paraguay; in Corrientes, Misiones, and Formosa, along the border in Argentina; in the southern part of Mato Grosso State in Brazil (it died out in Rio Grande do Sul with the scattering of the Jesuit missions); and in the Chiriguano Indian territory near Santa Cruz, Bolivia. It is the southern branch of the great Tupi-Guarani language family of pre-Columbian times. The combined name indicates the two main off-shoots, differing in pronunciation, of a single indigenous tongue, which also included a third dialect.

Tupi is spoken by Amazonian Indians in Brazil and occurs frequently in place names, in the nomenclature of the natural sciences, and, thanks to novelists and poets, in proper names. Even in the current vocabulary words like mirim (small) and caipira (peasant) crop up.

Eminent philologists—Baptista Caetano de Almeida, Nogueira, Couto de Magalhães, the illustrious poet Gonçalves Dias, and, in our time, Plinio Ayrosa—have made interesting studies on Tupí. According to reliable sources, Tupí was spoken in São Paulo until the end of the eighteenth century.

As Dr. Dionisio González Torres points out in classifying Guaraní as a polysynthetic language (like most American Indian tongues), two or more word elements are frequently joined, by either ellipsis or fusion, to form a word. For example, Yguazú resulted from the combination of the words for "big" and "river." Unlike Spanish, Guaraní has noun declensions. Negatives can be attached to the end of the word. Verb conjugations are characterized by invariable endings; any variations are indicated by the person, tense, or mood. For example, u (to eat):

chehaú—I eat
nde reú—you eat
jha o ú—he eats
jha o ú—he eats
jha o ú—he eats
jha o ú—he eats

In addition to Antonio Ruiz de Montoya's classic works and the early Jesuit contributions, valuable studies on Guaraní have been carried out more recently. Among them are Father Guasch's dictionary; Toponimia (Toponymy), by Ozuna y Peralta; Vocabulario Guaraní para Uso Médico (Guaraní Medical Dictionary), by Carlos Gatti, W. Bertoni, and Teodoro Rojas; Antonio Ortiz Mayans' dictionary; and studies by Marcos A. Morínigo, Juan Francisco Recalde, Ramón Caballero de Bedoya, Decoud Larrosa, Dionisio González Torres, L. Saguier, and Cipriano Codas. More and more, serious students are turning to Guaraní.

So it is that this genuinely American relic of the past lives on today.

Not offered in public schools, Guarani is picked up at home, passed on from generation to generation



## reading's his line

# U

Leging cigar-makers happy with literalure

THOUGH PIPED-IN music has replaced the ancient profession of cigar-shop reader in many Cuban cigar factories, a skilled rhetorician still holds his audience spellbound at the Tabacalera Cubana in Havana, where Corona brand cigars are made. Rather like Winchell addressing Mr. and Mrs. America over radio and television, fifty-two-year-old Celestino Martínez comments on all sorts of subjects to break the monotony of cigar making. As a youth he was a cigar maker, but later he discovered his talent as a speaker and entered the profession he's been following for twenty years.

From a corner desk visible to some of his colleagues in one of the workrooms, his voice booms out over a public address system, which has supplanted the traditional pulpit that once stood in the middle of the shop. Not on the Corona payroll, he is paid thirty cents apiece weekly by the workers in the same room. Those in other parts of the factory—many of them women—who simply listen to him but do not get the benefit of watching his histrionics, pay less.

Although Celestino personally chooses the news items he reads in the morning, he leaves the selection of what is read in the afternoon—novels and what he calls "books of a philosophical and democratic nature"—to his audience. He suggests titles of certain publications to a representative elected by the workers to organize voting on the subject. This go-between then takes a poll, a task that often develops into heated literary discussions.

Celestino follows a strict schedule. He works four hours a day—two one-hour intervals in the morning and two more in the afternoon. He projects himself dramatically into his material, reading with appropriate gestures and intonation. The workers are quick to show their approval or disdain. If Celestino's rhetoric causes too much of an uproar, the representative restores order with a bell.



Portraying emotions of character in novel that he is reading, cigar-shop reader Celestino Martínez summons up tears

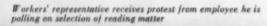
At his desk he marks newspaper items he will read during morning session. In addition to pay, he gets five cigars free each day



Photos by Kurt Severin



Celestino is also a comedian. After a particularly funny joke, the workshop roars with laughter







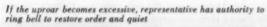
Worker smiles delightedly as he hears Celestino report the defeat of a baseball team. Cubans are avid ball fans

Workers cutting cigars to desired lengths bang knives on benches to indicate approval or disapproval of what Celestino is reading





Entranced by reader's rendition of a love story, woman stops work. She is holding a tripa, the filler of a cigar





Paid on a piecework basis, this employee stops his labors as he enters the world of the novel Celestino is reading

Always preoccupied with his work, Celestino, an incessant cigar smoker, leaves Corona factory to rest in nearby park





#### a short story by Irving Burstiner

Illustrations by Alejandro Obregón

DAWN WAS STILL two hours away when the first visitor came to Pedro Hualpa's adobe hut.

"Did I waken you, Mr. Hualpa?" asked the young voice. The figure shut the door against the chill mountain air.

Pedro lifted the kerosene lamp from the table on which his treasures lay and held it up before him. "Ah, Tomasito! It is you. Come here, lad."

The boy stepped forward into the light. Pedro sighed, observing the boy's healthy olive skin, straight black hair, and flashing eyes. How closely he resembled his own nephew Carlos, may he rest in peace!

"No, my son," he said. "You did not waken me, for I have not slept all night. But you? It is early; how did you find your way up the mountainside in the darkness?"

The boy's slender form straightened with pride. "It was not difficult. Mama Quilla still shines in the night sky, and I came by her light."

"And what for?"

"My father tells me that today you go to pay the debt to Don Sebastián. He tells me I am to care for your flock."

Pedro frowned, his muscles tightening involuntarily at the name. He set down the lamp. Even at this early hour, Tomasito's father would be at work, digging into the dry, rocky earth, nurturing his maize and his quinoa. Always, the day was long. Always, each day was important. The father would need the assistance of the son's strong hands and sturdy back. Existence high in the

Peruvian Andes was not easy, even for Pedro's people, who traced their ancestry back to the mighty Inca himself. Yet the father had sent this boy to care for his flock. Pedro smiled wryly; it was laughable to call four ill-fed, scrawny mountain sheep a flock!

"Your father is kind, Tomasito," he said gravely. "Tell him I am pleased with his-friendship, but that I cannot abuse it. My sheep must fare for themselves."

"But-but papa says you have not-"

Pedro was firm. "You will return at once."

"Very well." The boy turned to go.

"Wait," Pedro added. "Have you had breakfast this morning?"

Tomasito lowered his eyes.

Pedro broke a crust of bread in half. He offered one piece to the boy.

"No," said Tomasito, vigorously shaking his head.
"A thousand thanks, but I've had a big breakfast, I assure—"

Pedro pressed the bread into his hand. "Take it."

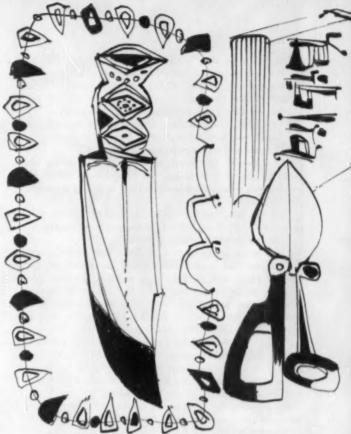
"As you wish," said the boy, accepting it reluctantly. From the door he called back: "God bless you, Mr. Hualpa." Then he grinned, sank his teeth hungrily into the stale bread, and departed.

Munching slowly on the remaining half, Pedro mulled over the objects on the table. To him, of course, they were priceless. But to Don Sebastián? Would they satisfy him?

One by one, he dropped them into a sack.

There was the bone-handled steel knife his father had





bought in Cuzco seven years before. It gleamed in the lamplight like a ribbon of silver. And why not? How many hundreds of times had Pedro oiled it, ground it, polished it? His fingers traced the intricate design on the hilt; his father's own hand had carved it. He sighed, then sheathed the knife and slid it into the sack.

The sack swallowed, too, the fine multicolored poncho woven by his mother, a string of beads, a pair of shears, and a cloth-bound Bible.

Pedro picked up his carbine. Though it was an antiquated Japanese model, he had kept it well-oiled and in excellent firing condition. He patted it affectionately, then thrust it into the sack along with two boxes of cartridges.

He untied a small leather pouch, spilled out the coins it contained. Among the coins were three crumpled soles. He unwrapped the bills and smoothed them out flat, then diligently folded them into quarters. The money went back into the pouch, and the pouch into the sack. . . .

Dawn brought his next visitors. They were three in number: an Indian, his woman, and their child. The man bore a sack upon his shoulders; the woman carried the thin, brown-skinned huahua, bundled in blankets, on her back.

"Welcome," Pedro said warmly. "Come inside. My house is yours."

They entered. The man regarded the table, then spoke: "My friend, see this new poncho I'm wearing?"

"Miguel, today you are more beautifully dressed than a peacock," Pedro complimented.

"The cloth is from Cuzco. Very expensive. And consider the shoes my woman is wearing. I'll wager there's not a pair in the village that costs more. You can see how well I have been doing." Abruptly, he swung the sack onto the table. "Here you have one arroba of grain for Don Sebastián's silos."

Pedro blinked. Only two months before, he had shot a bushmaster and brought the meat to Miguel's hut. The woman had cried with joy. No, he could not give them the lie.

"A thousand thanks, my friends," he said. "I cannot accept, for it is a personal debt I alone must repay."

"But—but perhaps you have not enough," protested Miguel.

"Pick up the sack, my friend," Pedro said patiently. "You will need the grain. Your baby must grow up strong and healthy. I'll have enough. With Chinche, I'll surely have enough."

Miguel was incredulous. "You're joking. Chinche, the famous one? Imagine—no llama! How will you work? You no longer have your nephew to—" He crossed himself quickly and added, "You still have your sheep. Why not give them instead? Your llama indeed! Why, in the whole village there's no more clever llama than this Chinche!"

"Nor in all Peru, I think," said Pedro. "As for my sheep, Don Sebastián would certainly never accept them, for he has hundreds of fine, fat merinos. Yet he has no such animals as my Chinche." He forced the grain into Miguel's hands.

Lapsing into their native Quechua tongue, Miguel blasted Don Sebastián and all he represented.

"No, no, my friend," Pedro corrected hastily. "It is wrong to use the ancient tongue. Above all, we are Peruvians. Two years you studied in the mission—"

"Very well," said Miguel, once more in Spanish, "I tell you it was a terrible wrong that Don—"

"The man was only protecting his property."

"That swine! His heart is of the basest metal, his thoughts are of gain alone, and his soul—if indeed he has one—is a crucible where Indians' suffering is melted down to coin."

"It's the law," said Pedro. "As clear as the sun that shines upon all of us, the law declares him in the right."

"The law should be changed, then."

"This is not up to us to do," Pedro said with finality. The sun had scaled the smaller mountains of the Eastern range and nestled, large and hot, between two towering peaks by the time Pedro was ready. He carried the sack out around the hut to where Chinche was tethered and tossed it over the llama's back. The animal squirmed under the sudden load.

"Easy, Chinche," Pedro cautioned, cinching the sack tightly. He squinted across his small field, silently maligning the fiery heat that had scorched the rows of maize, turning their green stalks to a withered brown.

A shout came from below. "Hi! Pedro!"

He waved to the pair coming up the path. The woman, he could see, carried a large basket on her head.

"Good day, Manuel. Good day, Carmela. How goes it with you?"

"Things go well," said Manuel, warmly gripping Pedro's hand.

Chinche's soft brown eyes studied the newcomers. He strained at his rope until a hissing noise from Pedro's lips quieted him.

"He is well trained, Pedro," Manuel commented. "Look how regally he holds his head. Tell me, is it true that he's the most intelligent llama within twenty kilometers?"

"Perhaps in all Peru. Here, I'll show you." Stroking the llama's soft, woolly neck, Pedro spoke into its ear. "Chinche, soon we begin our journey to the hacienda of Don Sebastián."

The llama made a loud, sucking noise, turned its head and ejected a thick stream of saliva. The dry earth swallowed the fluid thirstily.

"Ay!" shrieked the woman. "He is indeed a clever animal." "Clearly he doesn't approve of Don Sebastián, eh, Carmela?" Manuel grinned. "He has good judgment, this Chinche."

Pedro smiled. "Of course, all llamas spit when they are annoyed—but to be annoyed at a mere name—that is intelligence!"

"Woman," Manuel addressed his wife, "show our friend what we bring him."

Carmela set the basket on the ground. She whipped aside the homespun cloth that had covered it. Two stoppered earthen jugs of disproportionate sizes lay revealed.

"In the large one is chicha," Manuel explained proudly, "that was made by my own wife. Word of honor, no better corn beer is to be found between here and Cuzco. Corn beer for the journey to Santa Ana, and"—he pointed to the smaller jug—"a special brandy for when you cross the Sacred River on returning during the night."

Pedro shook his head. "I am grateful, my friends. I understand. But to face Don Sebastián I do not need to fortify myself with alcohol."

Manuel's disappointment was evident, but he simply nodded to his wife, saying: "So be it."

Pedro untied the llama and walked beside it at a slow, steady gait. He stopped only once, a short distance from his hut, in front of a small mound of newly seeded earth. He knelt before a cross fashioned of twigs and short strips of hide. He lowered his head, crossed himself, and uttered a terse prayer.

He continued on down the mountainside. After a while, he put a piece of coca leaf into his mouth and chewed on it. Sundown, he knew, would bring pangs of hunger,

and the leaf would dull the pain.

Late the next morning, Pedro reached the outskirts of Don Sebastián's hacienda. The swarms of laborers working diligently in the fields waved and shouted greetings as he passed by, their sweat-covered faces cracking into warm grins of friendship.

Don Sebastián received him in his study. The landowner, wearing a bright purple lounging jacket, sat behind a massive desk in a leather-backed armchair. A scratchy phonograph on the desk was playing an aria from La Traviata.

He shut off the phonograph. "Why do you come?" he asked warily, toying with the watch chain that dangled across his yest.

Pedro's nostrils wrinkled involuntarily, for Don Sebastián reeked of perfume. He slung the sack from his shoulder and dumped its contents onto the desk.

"I come to pay my debt," he said stiffly.

Don Sebastián's heavy-lidded eyes probed the mound of articles. "I don't understand. You owe me nothing."

"Listen, sir. One month ago, I swore to return the money my nephew Carlitos stole from you." Pedro's hand swept over the table in a wide gesture. "Here are goods of equivalent value."

Don Sebastián leaned back in his chair, baffled. "You Indians! You are a strange people. So much pride! Listen to me, Hualpa: your nephew was a thief; he stole from my holdings in—"

"Indians are not thieves," Pedro said stolidly. "An Indian will steal only when he is starving."

"Eh? Never mind," Don Sebastián said shrugging. "My foreman catches the boy stealing. When he commands him to halt, he chooses to run away instead. He is shot. Too bad, of course—but my foreman did right. So? Do you avenge him? No. Do you attack me? Of course not. Instead, you come with gifts and babble about repayment." His jowls quivered with contempt. "Where's your spirit, man? I lose some foodstuffs, a little wine, a few pesetas. But you—you lose a nephew. Ah, I pity you, Hualpa!"

"No, sir; you are the one to be pitied. True, you have



the hacienda, the servants, the Indians to work your fields. In this country you own a lot of property. But meanwhile, you grow fat and lazy. Study yourself: your head is balder than an egg, and your life just as barren. Where is your family? Your friends—have you any? When Carlitos died, the villagers consoled me." He waved his hands excitedly. "But you—who will mourn you? Your estates will wither, your—"

"Never mind about what will happen after I die," said Don Sebastián. "Right now, I live—and very well indeed. Listen, Hualpa. I don't need your meager offerings. Take your trinkets and go."

"Trinkets?" Pedro echoed. "Very well. I only want to pay you back with such trinkets."

Don Sebastián grunted. "They're hardly enough!"

"Then I give you my Chinche, too."

Don Sebastián's eyes gleamed. "Well! That's something else. You want to give me your llama! I've heard a lot about this Chinche. Yes, Hualpa; I will reconsider."

He rose. "Where is this animal? I'd like to see it."

"One moment," Pedro said calmly. "You must give me your word that when I present Chinche to you my debt is discharged forever."

"You have it, Hualpa," he said eagerly. "I give you my word. Now lead me to your llama."

From the porch, they could see Chinche standing quietly in the shade of a huge oak tree some forty feet away. Pedro made a hissing sound. The llama ambled leisurely toward them.

Pedro, his face impassive, watched the landowner examine Chinche with admiration. Don Sebastián picked up each of the tiny, two-toed feet and studied them; he peered into the animal's mouth and ears; he stroked the woolly neck and body. All the while, Chinche stood motionless, placidly contemplating his master.

Pedro said: "This is my Chinche, the cleverest llama in this region—and perhaps in all Peru. Chinche, I present your new master. Don Sebastián."

Don Sebastián grinned; he was still grinning when Chinche turned his head and spat.

The foul liquid covered Don Sebastián's face and ran down his immaculate clothes in rivulets. His face turned a mottled purple, his body swelled ominously. "Vete, animal!" he screamed at Pedro. "Get out! Take your accursed llama with you! Get out before I kill you!"

"I cannot, sir," Pedro said quietly. "I have paid the debt and he is now yours."

"Then I give him back to you!"

With alacrity, Pedro nodded vigorously. "In that case, sir, I accept your kind gift." He turned to the llama. "Come, Chinche," he said. "We must get back to the village."

He walked away into the fields, Chinche trotting quietly beside him. There was much work for him at home—and there was a great deal to tell the townsfolk. His step quickened and he hummed an old Incan folk tune, for Pedro had always been an honest and happy man. • • •



Professional guidance is often necessary in choosing jobs, adjusting to working conditions, and discovering special aptitudes

## Counseling as a Profession

#### SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION

#### Mitchell Dreese

In 1927 the Western Electric Company's Hawthorne plant in Chicago decided to see what happened to workers' efficiency when the lighting was changed, noise was increased or decreased, and rest periods were allowed. To the experimenters' amazement, production went up no matter what they did. They finally concluded that the workers were putting more into their jobs simply because they realized that someone was taking an interest in them. So the company hired someone full-time expressly to talk with workers about their problems. Again production rose. That was the beginning of employee counseling, one phase of a completely new profession that has sprung up in the United States within the past fifty years.

Counseling and guidance is a special field of human service that involves helping people confronted with problems of choice and adjustment to analyze their situation and work out satisfactory solutions. Why do so many people need help in planning their lives? Who does the counseling? What does it entail? What problems does it raise? What service is provided to the individual and to society by this relatively new profession?

In a democracy people are free to live their lives as they choose, provided they abide by the law and conform reasonably to the customs of the community. It is up to them to decide what kind of education they will seek and how much, what occupation they will try to enter, whom they will marry, where they will live, how they will spend their leisure, what kind of friends they will have, and what goals they will seek. This very freedom places a tremendous responsibility on the individual, for he must accept the consequences of his decisions whether they are good or bad. If he fails to establish realistic goals and lacks the understanding to achieve what he desires, he is quite likely to find himself unhappy and a misfit in society. Parents, friends, teachers, and others provide what advice they can, but frequently they too are baffled by the ever-growing complexity of modern life. This is where the counselor comes in.

The movement began with vocational guidance, helping young people determine what type of work they were best qualified for. As early as 1908 it became apparent that with the United States moving from a rural economy to a predominantly urban and industrial one, the number of different kinds of jobs was multiplying to the point where young people had no real conception of what it took to be successful in most fields. Nor did they understand their own aptitudes and interests. Consequently they drifted into jobs without foresight or planning and all too often were unsuccessful and unhappy in their work. Take, for example, the case of Harry. Since there was a big demand for workers in a machine-tool factory in his home town, after graduation from high school he got a job in the factory at fairly good wages. He felt on top of the world: here he was at eighteen in a well-paid job. After two years he was still in the same job-satisfied with the plant and his fellow workers but getting nowhere. At the suggestion of a friend he went to the local state employment service office and talked to one of the counselors there. What should he do? Should he try to get more training? Should he try some other job? After a discussion of his high-school record, work experience, outside interests, financial situation, and the like, he took a battery of psychological tests to help determine his vocational interests, intelligence, aptitudes in various fields, and personality traits. An analysis of the results indicated that he was capable of work at a much higher level. He talked with the counselor about these tests in the light of his background and the great demand for engineers, then decided to work another year and save his money to take mechanical engineering at the state university. He graduated with honors and obtained an excellent position in the same plant designing machine tools.

Vocational guidance evolved on the assumption that there were three major processes involved in helping an individual to choose his career wisely: studying him to determine his basic aptitudes, abilities, and interests; securing information concerning the world of work and the requirements and rewards of jobs; and counseling or assisting the individual to relate his qualifications to vocations and encouraging him to formulate a career plan and embark upon it. Forty-five years ago our methods of analyzing the individual were quite crude, and we lacked adequate techniques for studying job requirements, but the basic philosophy was sound. Today excellent psychological tests and other techniques to

analyze the individual are available, and methods and procedures have been developed that give us a comprehensive picture of more than thirty thousand different types of jobs in the United States. Since 1943 approximately 1,300,000 disabled veterans have received educational, vocational, and personal counseling from the Veterans Administration alone, and last year 1,200,000 disabled non-veterans were offered guidance by state vocational rehabilitation services that led to rehabilitation, training, and employment. Last year practically all secondary-school graduates and the hundred thousand college and university graduates received some help in planning their careers from their teachers, advisers, and counselors.

Counseling in schools and colleges was introduced into U.S. education between 1910 and 1930, and originally emphasized vocational guidance. As the proportion of youth in secondary schools grew by leaps and bounds and varied courses of study were introduced, it became apparent that these young people needed help in planning their educational programs. Counselors and teachers with some training in guidance began to hold periodic conferences with students, not only in regard to their future plans but also concerning their curriculum, Bob was one such student. In a periodic conference with his teacher he expressed discouragement over his grades. He had always wanted to be an airplane pilot. He loved tinkering with engines and was doing well in "shop" courses, but though he studied hard, his grades in other courses weren't good. If he didn't make better grades, he wouldn't be eligible for flight training. After several talks with the counselor. Bob realized that there were



Rehabilitation counselors help veterans plan for future employment. Service includes job training and suitable placement

other good jobs that would let him work with airplanes, so he decided to concentrate on vocational courses and study airplane mechanics after he finished high school.

As counselors talked with students about their educational plans, the boys and girls also raised questions about personal problems. Mary, for instance, kept wondering why, although she was in a number of clubs at school, she was never elected to office. She was as bright as most of the students. She dressed well. She knew how to do things. In deep resentment, she blurted out her feelings to the counselor. "Why, at home my mother is ill and my father depends on me to run the house and tell the other children what to do." "You tell the other children what to do?" asked the counselor. Mary hesitated and flushed, and her eyes widened, "You mean I'm too bossy. I've never thought of it that way before." As the result of such personal problems, school counselors found that they were becoming general counselors, often consulting also with the parents. Today counseling of school and college students is an integral part of education in the United States.

As we have seen, employee counseling started almost by accident. Besides the "personnel counselor" or "employee counselor" in business and industry, all supervisors and foremen are expected to be reasonably adept in human-relations techniques. Employee counseling has grown not because of any altruistic desire to do something nice for the worker, but because it has demonstrated that more efficiency, job satisfaction, and productivity comes from workers who are relaxed and unworried. The man who is nursing a grievance, real or imaginary, often needs only an opportunity to "take the load off his chest" to be able to settle down and go to work. Some employees feel that they are in a blind alley when, as a matter of fact, they only need someone to point to the promotional outlets. Many employees work at 50 per cent efficiency or less merely because they can't get along with people. Investigations have revealed that more people lose their jobs because they can't get along

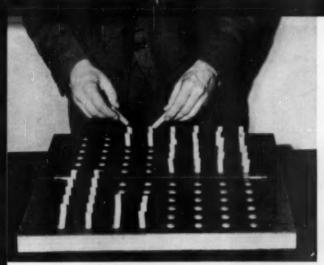
with others than because of inability to do the work. Sometimes a minor personality quirk can be easily corrected by an employee counselor. Again, a person who is harassed by debt burdens or marriage difficulties is not likely to be really productive on the job. It takes considerable skill, and even courage, to counsel on domestic relations, and a national association of marriage counselors has set up standard procedures to deal with such problems.

Counseling as an organized service in the United States is not confined to business, industry, education, or such government agencies as the Veterans Administration, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation and state rehabilitation services, the United States Employment Service and its state agencies, and the armed forces. It is provided in some measure by all organizations and agencies responsible for shaping and directing the ways of men. Some people prefer private counseling centers and pay a fee for the service, and the American Personnel and Guidance Association has published a directory of approved guidance centers. Counseling is sought not only by those who have immediate problems but by those who wish to plan ahead intelligently on the basis of the best available information.

What distinguishes the professionally trained counselor from the teachers, religious leaders, lawyers, social workers, and supervisors in business and industry who have always counseled? Most professional counselors have at least a Master of Arts degree and many a doctorate in psychology. Public-school counselors may have a master's or doctor's degree in education with a major in guidance, which is based upon considerable psychological study. Whatever the degree, the training of the professional counselor should include basic courses in psychology, sociology, economics, and statistics; graduate training in the study of individual growth and development, psychological tests and measurements, counseling and guidance, techniques of counseling, and the collection, evaluation, and use of occupational, educational, and related







Minnesota Rate of Manipulation test measures manual skill on basis of length of time it takes to place pieces in holes



United States Employment Service uses "Peg Board," another manual dexterity test, to measure potentialities for certain jobs

information; and supervised experience in counseling.

A counselor may start out as a psychometrist in a counseling center, as a school or placement counselor in public schools, or as an employee or rehabilitation counselor in industry or government. The level usually depends upon the amount of training and experience he or she has had in the field. Salaries range from three thousand dollars a year for a beginner to six or eight thousand for top-notch consultants.

At present only two states require psychologists to be licensed, but there is a definite trend in that direction. Twenty-six states now have special requirements for certification as a public-school counselor over and beyond the regular teacher requirements. Standards for training and practice are upheld by the American Personnel and Guidance Association and the Division of Counseling and Guidance of the American Psychological Association. These, however, affect only those who belong to these associations and are not legally binding. It is a step in the right direction, but only when there are adequate laws throughout the country to license well-trained psy-

Counseling does not mean meddling in others' affairs, but helping them to know themselves better and solve their own problems chologists will the public be protected against those who do not hesitate to meddle in the lives of others.

Though professional counselors differ in their approach, in general they agree on the following principles: The purpose of counseling is to help people to help themselves. It is not the function of the counselor to tell people what to do with their lives. The most effective guidance for the normal person is self-guidance with the assistance of a counselor. The normal role of the counselor is to help the client to see clearly the nature of his problem, to consider various possible courses of intelligent action, to weigh the likely consequences of each possible choice, and, in the light of this knowledge, to choose a plan and put it into effect. The ultimate choice is the responsibility of the client, not of the counselor. For when the decision is the client's own, it reflects his feelings as well as his objective judgment, and he is more likely to carry it out. Knowledge of how to adjust to new situations is one of the important outcomes of the counseling interview.

No counseling program desires to intrude upon a person's private life. Such things as his home background, health, education, work experience, leisure interests, and psychological test results must all be considered as part of a complete clinical picture of his total personality. Finally, it takes more than an interest in people to be a good counselor. The competent counselor needs professional training superimposed upon a good background of general education. Otherwise, he is strictly an amateur.

The counselor can be more effective through preventive than through remedial measures. It is a truism in clinical practice that the earlier any maladjustment is detected, the more readily it can be cured. People who show signs of maladjustment or are confronted with difficult problems of decision should seek out or be referred to the counselor before the situation becomes acute.

The fact that the counseling and guidance movement in the United States continues to grow is evidence that it is meeting a real need in setting free people's latent potentialities.







Theater at Cantegril Country Club, site of festival. Low building at left was press center

# MOVIES at Punta del Este

#### Robin Jon Joachim

ODDLY ENOUGH, the first international film festival ever held in the Western Hemisphere—in 1951—took place in the smallest South American republic, in a country that has no motion-picture industry of its own. This year Uruguay repeated the performance for the third time when its Tourist Commission sponsored the latest International Film Festival. As before, it was held at the summer resort of Punta del Este, about three hours by road and one by plane from Montevideo.

From January 14 through 31, over a hundred specially invited movie stars, directors, producers, and critics mingled with throngs of South America's most prosperous vacationers on the unspoiled, pine-scented beaches of Punta del Este. Here, at the swank Cantegril Country Club owned by wealthy, Argentine-born Mauricio Litman, they viewed some eighty moving pictures submitted by a dozen countries. Of the seven Western Hemisphere republics participating, five sent films—Argentina, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, and the United States; two, Peru and Uruguay, were represented by critics only.

Generally a film festival is a valuable stimulant to the film industry of the host country. It also enables other nations to exhibit their films without licensing, censorship, or cutting; a country can send any number of films, even though the number of pictures in competition is limited to a quota based on the nation's annual output.

Many movies have been "discovered" at film festivals. Pictures like the Venezuelan La Balandra Isabel Llegó Esta Tarde and Reverón, for example, might never have won world acclaim if they had not received recognition at Cannes. Brazil's popular film about outlaws, O Cangaceiro; the Argentine Las Aguas Bajan Turbias (to be released in the United States as Dark River), directed by Hugo del Carril; and Enamorada, the work of Mexican director Emilio Fernández, were all catapulted to world renown by international film festivals in Italy and France.

The Uruguayan gathering, besides offering producers the opportunity to exhibit their wares to distributors as well as critics and giving the film people a chance to get their heads together over each other's productions and problems, had some interesting catalytic effects. Although Uruguay has no movie industry as such, it has made several documentaries, and co-productions with Argentina and Brazil were discussed.

The seven-man jury was particularly exacting, since it was composed exclusively of critics instead of the usual directors, novelists, and producers. Just as at the Venice Festival in 1953, no grand prize was awarded, for the jury felt that "no entry reached the level of merit that would justify it." Since a film can compete at only a single festival, it appeared that some pictures

may have been withheld for submission at the European festivals, which are older and hence likely to carry

more prestige.

Professor José María Podestá, dean of Uruguayan movie critics, headed the official jury, which also included one of the editors of the magazine Film, Hugo Rocha. There were also two Argentines, Rolando Fustiñana (editor-in-chief of the review Gente de Cine) and José Carlos Ferreira, who puts on a daily radio program devoted to movies; two Brazilians, Francisco Luís de Almeida Salles (movie critic of the newspaper O Estado de São Paulo) and Paulo Emílio Sales Gomes, who helped build up the remarkable film library of the São Paulo Museum of Modern Art; and one Peruvian, Alfonso Delboy, head of the Peruvian Newspapermen's Association. In addition to the official prizes, there were awards by the Uruguayan Association of Film Critics and the International Catholic Cinema Office, with headquarters in Brussels.

The five official awards of equal merit went to Great Britain's Hobson's Choice; France's Le Rouge et le Noir

Main building of country club. Theater is in rear

(The Red and the Black); Mexico's Robinson Crusoé; Sweden's En Lektion i Kärlek (Lesson in Love); and the United States' The Living Desert.

Hobson's Choice was directed by David Lean, the same inspired craftsman who created Brief Encounter, Great Expectations, Oliver Twist, and Breaking the Sound Barrier. Charles Laughton stars in the picture, which not only delights by its ludicrous situations, but gives the viewer the feeling that he is actually looking in on the everyday life and loves of the Lancashireman of the inineties.

Le Rouge et le Noir, Eastman-color adaptation of Stendhal's novel, is directed by Claude Autant-Lara, also responsible for Devil in the Flesh and The Game of Love. The tragic love affair of Julien Sorel (Gerard Philipe) and Madame Louise de Renal (Danielle Darrieux) is framed in an extraordinary portrait of the France of the 1830's. Audiences saw the uncut version, which lasted nearly three hours.

Robinson Crusoé, in Pathecolor, was directed by Spanish-born Luis Buñuel, who became the fair-haired boy of the avant-garde French cinema critics when he produced Le Chien Andalou, L'Age d'Or—both with Salvador Dali—and Terre Sans Pain (in English, Land Without Bread). His specialty has seemed to be a preoccupation with entomology, mixed with cruelty, carnal desire, slaughter, and sadism. Perhaps the jurors' admiration was a carry-over of enthusiasm from Buñuel's comparatively recent Mexican production, Los Olvidados (shown in the United States as The Young and the Damned), for Robinson Crusoé is a rather vapid adaptation of the Defoe novel. Or possibly they were swept away by his trademarks, such as Freudian implications, surrealism, father resentment, flashback dreams, and his



French contingent holds press conference, Man at lest wearing horn-rimmed glasses is Léo Joannon, director of Le Défroqué

singular interest in insects. Since the jurors had never before been in a position to give his work official acclaim, they may have been unconsciously paying tribute to his earlier films and expressing their admiration for the man rather than the movie.

The only Italian journalist present, the movie critic of *Il Corriere della Sera* of Milan, the *New York Times* of Italy, remarked to me: "I didn't get the feeling of solitude that Buñuel tried to convey. It seemed to me that the sets were studio-manufactured. The tree wasn't even a real tree. And I always felt the presence of the cameraman busily shooting while practically sitting on top of Dan O'Herlihy. And Robbie was hardly lonely."

The Swedish-produced En Lektion i Kärlek certainly deserved one of the five official awards. The director, Ingmar Bergman (not to be confused with his thespian compatriot Ingrid), shows in this piece that he really has something to say cinematographically. This scenaristwriter-director (and bit-player, à la Hitchcock) has a penchant for stories about maladjusted people, frequently young women, who are hostile toward their families, dissatisfied with their work, anxious for erotic adventures that inevitably conclude unhappily. His characters are often psychologically isolated from the outer world and suffer inner conflicts that lead to misery and misfortune. His stories are framed in characteristically Nordic landscapes. En Lektion i Kärlek is Bergman's first attempt at comedy. And he succeeds. The director uses frequent flashbacks to express amatory plights in tart humor, imparting an over-all freshness to the film.

Swedish films are, on the whole, very popular with Uruguayans, who are extremely critical, since they regularly see a phenomenal variety of motion pictures from all over the world. This, coupled with the fact that the "purple land" is one of the most perfect democracies on earth, makes for a healthy intellectual climate conducive to free discussion of the eighth art.

Bergman's other films, Sommarlek (shown in the United States as Illicit Interlude), Kvinnors Väntan (Women Who Wait), and Gycklarnas Afton (Twilight Circus), the last of which the Uruguayan critics voted the best picture of 1954, have also been box-office hits in Uruguay—a tribute to the honest and wholesome substitute for the usual crass approach to sex in other pictures.

Walt Disney's The Living Desert again won plaudits, but was inevitably compared with another film that dealt with the same subject. This was Arne Sucksdorf's blackand-white Det Stora Aventyret (the English version is entitled The Great Adventure), shown here out of competition in view of the fact that it had won a prize at Cannes. No human beings appear in the Disney work, but anthropomorphism is frequent, so that we find scorpions in the mating rite moving to the strains of a square dance. By contrast, Sucksdorf uses the presence of people to emphasize their close relationship with animals and nature. Both natural elements and inanimate objects play a dramatic part. Every use is made of the eye's ability to perceive detail as well as broad effect. Sucksdorf's portrayal of the child (his own son plays the role) is subtle and touching. One of the most appealing episodes takes place when the boy is searching for his pet otter one night, under the surveillance of an owl, who blinks knowingly.

The Disney production, on the other hand, uses to advantage a number of tricks such as time-lapse photography, whereby the wild rose buds and flowers in a matter of seconds. The Swedish documentary is strictly a one-man job, whereas the Disney prizewinner is the result of teamwork on the part of many photographers and other technicians.

Outside of the prizewinning class, the Argentines exhibited two overlong productions—Lo Que Le Pasó a



Scenes from four award-winning films: Swedish En Lektion i Kärlek (Lesson in Love), a comedy directed by Ingmar Bergman



Kangaroo rat inspects a hole in Disney's The Living Desert



Dan O'Herlihy in Robinson Crusoé, Mexican picture directed by Luis Buñuel



Ineligible for official prize after honors at Venice and Berlin, Brazilian Sinhá Moça won International Catholic Cinema Office award

Reynoso and Mercado de Abasto. The first, directed by Leopoldo Torres Ríos, was notable as the first Argentine feature-length film in color (Ferrania). The star is Enrique Muiño—an Argentine Lionel Barrymore—who plays his accustomed gaucho role amid outdoor surroundings, folk dancing, and country ways. Unfortunately, there were too many digressions, such as the overextended sequence showing the feet of the folk-dancing gauchos—a device which could, by the way, have been effective.

Mercado de Abasto was directed by Lucas Demare, famous for La Guerra Gaucha and Pampa Bárbara. To portray the goings-on in the tremendous marketplace in Buenos Aires, it employs neo-realism, an approach stressing social consciousness that was pioneered by such post-war Italian films as Paisan and The Bicycle Thief. One of the most interesting Argentine offerings was a Ferraniacolor short of the typical gaucho game, El Pato, which is played like polo on horseback, but without mallets.

As the Argentines emphasized at their press conference, in addition to the commercial motion-picture industry in that country, there is an experimental cinema headed by a bright cineista, Víctor Iturralde, whose technique is strongly influenced by the talented Norman McLaren of The National Film Board of Canada; this involves hand-painting or sketching directly on the acetate film itself.

Among the Brazilian contributions was a new film. A Esperança É Eterna (Hope Is Eternal), the work of Marcos Margulies, a talented young director responsible for the earlier documentary Os Tiranos (see "On the Brazilian Screen," June 1953 AMERICAS). A Esperança É Eterna narrates and dramatizes oils, watercolors, etchings, and drawings rendered by the noted Brazilian artist Lasar Segall between 1907 and 1954. To music written by pianist Bernardo Segall (Lasar's brother) and an account recited by prominent Portuguese-speaking actors and actresses, a drama unfolds of "fugitives from oppression, persecution, and hatred, who seek peace and confidence in a new land"-in this case, Brazil. Through excellent montaging Margulies has coordinated the visual and auditory aspects of the subject to create a beautifully proportioned job. His O Descobrimento do Brasil, using ancient pictures and documents, was presented at the São Paulo International Film Festival last year-Brazil's first-for which he edited a daily bulletin. Reaction to A Esperança É Eterna (produced by Interarte) was very good. It is said that the artist himself wept when he saw the picture.

Margulies' tasteful and skillful short eclipsed its companion contribution from Brazil, the feature-length Floradas na Serra (Blossom-time in the Mountains). Based on Dinah Silveira de Queiroz' novel and directed by Luciano Salce, it starred Jardel Filho and Cacilda Becker, regarded by many as Brazil's best actress. A memorable aspect of this picture—a Western Hemisphere equivalent of Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain—is the locale in which the story unfolds, Campos do Jordão, in the state of São Paulo.

Sinhá Moça, which had already received an award at Venice in 1953 and another in Berlin last year, was given still further recognition, this time from the International Catholic Cinema Office. A period piece adapted from a novel by Maria Dezzone Pacheco Fernandes and directed by Tom Payne, the film treats of the freeing of the Brazilian slaves in the latter part of the last century.

The sole Cuban entry, La Rosa Blanca (The White Rose), a biography of José Martí, was one more product of the well-known Mexican collaborators Emilio "El Indio" Fernández, director, and Gabriel Figueroa, photographer. Someone described this version of the national hero's life as a desecration, and this view was widely shared.

Finland also had a single entry—Niskavuoren Aärne (Bread of Our Land), which highlighted charming rustic scenes of wheat harvesting in that country but failed to take advantage of the potentialities of the camera.

In addition to the prizewinning Le Rouge et le Noir, France was represented by a retrospective series of classics under the all-embracing title "Georges Meliès and the French Fantastic Cinema." This included works by Cohl, who pioneered in the field of the animated cartoon; Gance, the first to use three cameras for projections; Renoir and Clair, two notable examples of the avant-garde of the late twenties; Epstein, early exponent of the foreboding, morbid, and morose; Buñuel and Cocteau, who excelled in surrealism; and L'Herbier, known for his escapist film during the German occupation.

Another significant and much-praised French contribution is Le Défroqué (The Defrocked One), a tense, moving religious film directed and acted in by Léo Joannon and starring Pierre Fresnay. The head of the U.S. delegation, Robert J. Corkery, said he believed that intelligent dubbing—as opposed to subtitles—could make it an enormous success in the States.

West Germany seems eager to recapture the glory its film industry enjoyed in the Golden Age before 1933. Production is subsidized to some extent, and output is designed not only for home consumption but also as a vehicle for rehabilitating German prestige abroad. Perhaps to save Canaris, a current sensation in West Germany, for the higher-prestige Cannes festival in April, they did not enter it officially at Punta del Este, but gave it an "unofficial special showing." Clever use of newsreel clips and an excellent performance by O.W. Hasse in the title role convey the complexity of the German admiral and secret-service chief who ultimately took part in the 1944 attempt on Hitler's life. The director, Alfred Weidenmann, used to work with UFA, the state-owned movie monopoly dissolved after World War II

Unfortunately, the officially competing German films, Gestaendnis unter Vier Augen (A Very Secretive Confession) and Feuerwerk (Fireworks), did not match Canaris in quality. The first is the story of a woman journalist who, in her indefatigable search for the truth, finds that her own lover is a murderer. The director. André Michel, attracted critics' attention a couple of years ago with his treatment of Guy de Maupassant's





Above: Drawing from A Esperança É Eterna, an interpretation of works by Brazilian artist Lasar Segall

Left: Irana Kislinger, "Miss Argentina," was among film personalities present at festival

Trois Femmes. The best that can be said for Feuerwerk, a sugary musical starring Lili Palmer, is that its director, Kurt Hoffman, achieved just what he intended: to amuse and entertain while portraying a gay middle-class family in turn-of-the-century Germany. With trick photography and glaring color, it tells of the varied and stereotyped reactions of the bourgeois to the passing of a circus through a town.

Only the reputation of G. W. Pabst, its director, could have inspired the Germans to give the mediocre Das Bekenntnis der Ina Kahr (The Confession of Ina Kahr) a special showing. A series of flashbacks gradually reveal that Ina Kahr, though not really guilty of murdering her husband, was a necessary adjunct to his death. In the twenties and thirties Pabst helped to create many lasting works; his films were hotly discussed and even censored, because of their social significance and realistic treatment.

The official Italian entries were Casa Ricordi and Ulysses. The first takes its title from a Milan music-publishing house, which is used as a peg for depicting the lives of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, and Puccini, and for renditions of extracts from their operas. Ulysses met with apathy despite its cost (it was the most expensive film ever produced on the Continent), a cast that included Kirk Douglas and Silvana Mangano, and such excellent writers as Irwin Shaw and Ben Hecht, One critic called it "poor Cecil B. deMille"; another exclaimed, "What a Homeric yawn!"

One of the sensations of the festival, but presented out of competition since it had already won the Grand Prize at Venice, was Renato Castellani's Romeo and Juliet. Italy also offered the Technicolor documentary Sesto Continente (The Sixth Continent), directed by Folco

Quilici, which the Association of Uruguayan Critics hailed as the best of its genre. The underwater photography was excellent.

Since Orient Express was produced jointly by Italy, France, and West Germany, it was also presented out of competition. It is a costume piece in color, directed by Carlo Ludovico Bragaglia, that tells what happens when the passengers of a train snowbound in a Central European town are obliged to take shelter with nearby townsfolk and peasants.

Besides its prizewinning piece, Mexico sent only one other film, Sombra Verde (Green Shadow), directed by Roberto Gavaldón. Reminiscent at first of W. H. Hudson's Green Mansions, it soon falls into clichés, but shows off its stars, muscular Ricardo Montalbán and beautiful Ariadne Welter, to advantage.

At the Mexicans' press conference, Santiago Vicente Reachi, head of the delegation and producer of the Cantinflas pictures, indicated that film companies in his country were hoping to cut down on the number of "charritos" (folklore musicals) and increase their production of quality films. This, however, may take more money than the industry has at its disposal, since it lacks the government subsidy some other countries provide.

Spain's meager offerings included Murió Hace Quince Años (He Died Fifteen Years Ago), in which a child abducted to the U.S.S.R. in 1937 is released in 1952 to spy on the West but soon forsakes the Reds; and Un Caballero Andaluz (An Andalusian Gentleman), in which a petty love affair takes place amid the tourist atmosphere of Seville.

The United States put its best foot forward with The Caine Mutiny, Sabrina, The Little Fugitive (chosen by the Uruguayan critics as the best experimental film), and On The Waterfront. All were unreservedly praised except The Caine Mutiny. "Why," critics asked, "did it have to pander to audience taste by bringing in the boy-girl element? What had the boy's relationship with his mother to do with Lieutenant Maryk and the captain's mental disintegration?"

Like all festivals, this one had its bravura aspects: many stars were present. Of greater import were the opportunities provided by the festival for film makers and critics to exchange ideas about the past, present, and future of their art. The press conferences, both collective and individual, were perhaps best of all. The participating journalists included men of the caliber of H. Alsina Thevenet, critic of the Montevideo daily El País and coeditor with Jaime Francisco Botet of the renowned magazine Film. Typical of the questions discussed was the query Jaime Potenze of Argentina addressed to the U. S. delegation on the subject of censorship. He was told that only seven out of the forty-eight states have censor boards. "But," Mr. Potenze objected, "we saw the French picture Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne at the first Punta del Este festival and found it a masterpiece. Why did you Americans make so many cuts in it that Robert Bresson, the author, called it back and refused to have the film massacred in this way?"

No one had an answer to that. . .



# EMBASSY ROW

The Venezuelan Ambassador to the United States, Dr. César González, has a man-to-man talk with his seven-year-old son Rubén. Ambassador González, born in the Andean state of Táchira, moved to Caracas with his family at the age of eleven and graduated from law school there. After postgraduate studies at the Sorbonne, he established a law practice, but in accordance with the family tradition of public service eventually abandoned it to become Minister of Internal Affairs. He has served in the national Congress as deputy and senator and later became Undersecretary of Finance. His first diplomatic post (he is not a member of the career foreign service) was as Ambassador to Mexico from 1943 to 1945. Before coming to Washington two years ago, he was Venezuelan delegate to the United Nations for three years.



Rubén's biggest interest in life is his elaborate electric railroad, which among other refinements includes a public-address system. María Dolores prefers her collection of dolls representing many countries. From her grandmother, who has given her lessons, she has acquired a taste for painting. Both children are learning to ride, though since a recent fall María Dolores is dubious about horses.



The whole family—Mrs. González, the Ambassador, nine-yearold María Dolores, and Rubén—enjoys traveling. Mrs. González, the former Georgina Cortés Guzmán, is a native of Puebla, Mexico, and she and Dr. González met while he was stationed in that country. A fan of Latin American folk and popular music, she has a large collection of records. She also likes to record their travels and the children's activities in eight-millimeter color movies.

The modern, air-conditioned Embassy near beautiful Rock Creek Park is one of the showplaces of Washington.



# points | of view





# **HOME-BUILDERS**

ONE OF THE FIRST PROJECTS launched by the OAS under its technical-cooperation program was the Inter-American Housing Center in Bogotá, Colombia. An article in Economía Colombiana describes some of its current activities, now that it is a going concern. (For further details on the Center, see "To House a Hemisphere," May 1951 AMERICAS, and "Housing Clinic," June 1952.) The piece was written by Janet Hohmann de Tobón, a U.S. writer who recently married a Colombian journalist and is now living in Bogotá.

". . . It has been calculated by the Pan American Union that in Latin America at least twenty-five million families live in unhealthful, defective, or over-crowded dwellings. At an average of five persons per family, this means that some 125 million persons suffer from inadequate housing. . . .

"The OAS aims at the reduction of housing production costs; the development of better design and construction techniques; more efficient utilization of available local materials; the increased production of low-cost housing; and the training of housing experts....

"In accordance with the philosophy that the most valuable thing the trainee can take away from the Center . . . is a working method that can be applied to the solving of housing problems, emphasis . . . has been placed on methodology. The architect from Haiti, for example, will not meet the same problems . . . as the one from Argentina, but both can apply the working methods they have learned at the Center. . . .

"Each year the students undertake two group projects, one urban and one rural, and an individual project, which may be suggested by the Center or by the trainee's home government. These are the most important part of the course, for it is here that the trainee gets practical experience. . . . This year the students are working on the Techo Project as their group urban project, and at Anolaima work has begun on the rural project.

"The Techo Project is a plan for [using] the terrain that will become vacant when the Colombian government changes the site of its international airport, This land was recently acquired by the Instituto de Crédito Territorial, which asked the Center to consider its utilization for housing.

". . . The group was divided into teams according to profession and first undertook a general survey. This included recognition of the physical con-

ditions-land and climate; the socioeconomic considerations—type of house needed, size, occupation and financial capacity of the head of the household, family customs and tastes; and community services needed-schools, medical service, markets, churches, and recreational facilities. The juridicaladministrative relationships with the municipality and the technical aspects, including use of available materials and utility services, were also studied. An important part of the study is the scheme for teaching the future residents how to utilize and maintain their new community to their best advantage....

"The Center's rural project at Anolaima was still in the beginning stages when this article was written. Much the same sort of approach was being made with regard to the general survey and study of the entire plan; but, of course, the problems to be solved are entirely different....

"The rural project is probably of even greater significance to the trainees when one considers that some 60.5 per cent of the Latin American population resides in the country. Also, while most of the individual governments have begun to attack urban housing problems, work on rural planning has barely started.

"The Inter-American Housing Center's Laboratory Workshop is also an integral part of the training program. . . . After completing the survey part of the special annual projects . . . , the group constructs a model house. . . . Mistakes that may not have appeared in the paper plans may then be seen and corrected before actual construction is undertaken.

"Besides the laboratory work . . . , trainees solve technical problems [submitted] by governments and other institutions. For example, three different laboratory investigations are now being carried on. One for the ICT is the development of a model house based on hollow tile. The ICT is interested as a great deal of this material exists on the Savanna of Bogotá, and such a house may be used near the Ouiroga district. Another is the stabilized-earth laboratory project consisting of two phases. The first is to develop the material so that it will be uniform and have the greatest resistance to climatic conditions; and the second, to construct a model house. . . . Also, the city of Cali has asked the Center to study the use of bamboo [long used in tropical climates] in housing construction. . . .

"The Publications Section of the Exchange of Scientific Information Division publishes the results of all of the Center's group projects, the trainee's individual projects, and those being carried on in the Laboratory Workshop, as well as class résumés, bibliographies, translations, and reprints of technical publications. . . . These are distributed throughout Latin America and the world. . . .

"Thus does the OAS carry out its technical assistance project devoted to the attainment of better living standards through the cooperative education of housing experts. . . ."

# MORE ABOUT URUGUAY

THE CONSENSUS seems to be that Uruguay has a remarkable form of government, and many are the comments that have been written and spoken on the subject. The following are the impressions of an Ecuadorean politician, published in *El País*, Montevideo daily:

"Here is an example of what secularism means to a nation, which is right here in South America and thus cannot be dismissed as beyond the reach of imitation. I went to Uruguay because I wanted to meet new men, see new cities, and find out more about the famed government, a sort of ideal democracy. . . . It's true; an air of freedom, of progress on the march, of mutual respect and understanding breathes in the homeland of Rodó and Artigas.

"There the Constitution and laws are carried out to the letter. . . , and no one tries to read between the lines to find powers other than those approved by the people through their legislature. There is no class distinction. . . . Each individual's economic status and social position are recognized as the result of different types of work and diverse abilities. The newspapers fearlessly criticize the government's mistakes. The political parties are strong and effective, leaving no room for totalitarianism or tyranny. The clergy does not interfere in matters of state. . . .

"Uruguay is similar to Ecuador, though even smaller, and its history is marked with bloody struggles between political factions and tyrants. I wanted to find out just how it had reached such a high level of culture and, especially, democracy.

"Aside from the decisive immigration factor, the Uruguayan democracy was born and is nourished in secular schools. In Montevideo's primary grades, I saw children of industrial tycoons and laborers, white and mestizo, rich and poor, enjoying close friendship. Secular education is so complete, the government-paid teachers so capable, and the buildings and classroom aids so modern that private schools are the exception. . . .

"Uruguay's future adult citizens grow up in that environment, free from prejudice and living . . . democracy from childhood. Still more significant, Uruguayan teachers enjoy public respect, hold leading posts in the political parties, some as councilmen and deputies, and, because of their intellectual capacities, help to solve many government problems."

# BE OUR GUEST

A RECENT ARTICLE in O Estado de São Paulo, Brazilian daily, took a downto-earth approach to tourism:

"Judging from the systematic press coverage of travel news and the latest travel conferences held in this country..., the people are more and more in favor of tourism as an industry. However, they do not yet fully grasp all the implications, despite



"It certainly shows the difference in upbringing."—Mundo Uruguayo, Montevideo

other countries' constant, constructive examples.... [In promoting the tourist business to Brazilians, we must remember the old Portuguese adage] that says 'soft water will eventually wear away hard rocks.'

". . . Strange as it may seem, we [Brazilians] have been slow to catch on that a tourist is, after all, an ideal buyer. Whether from abroad or from another section of this country, his aim is to visit and get to know a different community. . . . His intention is to spend both his time and money locally. All he asks is . . . information, transportation, and lodgings. He doesn't want anything for nothing. Whatever he gets he will pay for, and sometimes generously. He often . . . wants goods that happened to be produced at low cost. He is satisfied with natural wonders and local curiosities, and pays his way both coming and going. . . . He demands very little and leaves his money in exchange for services . . . and merchandise, which we might not be able to sell otherwise.

"When he leaves, he may have become an enthusiastic friend who would like to come again and will give a glowing report . . . back home. Catering to the tourist costs little and pays off handsomely. . . . All we have to do is treat him well, not deluging him with superfluous kindnesses, but offering him the comforts and facilities he deserves as one of our best customers.

"On the other hand, . . . a dissatisfied tourist will become the most persevering counter-propagandist. He will criticize systematically . . . to others who may have wanted to come here, but are thus discouraged.

"What can a tourist say about Brazil if, on arrival—and even before—the authorities treat him like a common criminal? What will he think of inaccurate information, irregular transportation, inadequate hotels? Will our natural wonders—some fairly inaccessible—be enough to compensate for his disillusionment on other fronts? Will our 'good intentions' make up for other flaws . . .? Won't he be disgusted when he finds out—too late—that some of the information he was given was 'not quite true'?

"... There is a grave risk in all of this, one that could be highly detrimental, but certainly is not unavoidable. We must always keep in mind that a discontented tourist will not return and, furthermore, will do all he can to prevent others from coming."

# GOOD THING, SMALL PACKAGE

AN ARTICLE in Sintesis, Salvadorean review of cultural affairs, also deals with tourism. José Madriz y Cobos highlights the "selling points" of this miniature wonderland:

"... Nations that are limited in area and population, like El Salvador, often proudly display triumphs worthy of any of the world's great nations. [We have our] exalted independence leaders—José Simeón Cañas, first of the abolitionists on American soil; Francisco Morazán, the well-loved champion of the Salvadorean people ...; Captain General Gerardo Barrios, always hampered by reactionary forces—along with so many other outstanding Salvadoreans....

"A particularly outstanding characteristic of the Salvadorean land is that so many varied beauties of nature are contained in only 100 square miles. Most Salvadoreans have not yet realized the full significance of this....

"Other places, internationally known, attract thousands of sightseers every year because they have been set up as tourist meccas through official and private investments. And I am sure that many of them in no way surpass El Salvador's natural beauty and varied attractions-the Santiago sand bar; La Herradura; the bays of La Unión and Jiquilisco, where the sea weaves filigree patterns in the sand; the delightful charm of the emerald and sapphire lakes and lagoons. . . , such as Güija, Ilopango, and Coatepeque. The Alegría Lagoon, rare even among the wonders of the world, is a first-class attraction in itself. Native sons and foreign tourists go there seeking health, and artists, inspiration.

"And aren't the volcanoes to be counted among the beauties of this land? The peaks of Santa Ana, San Salvador, San Vicente, and San Miguel . . . command magnificent panorames. Navigators . . . called the Izalco volcano, with its flames . . . visible at great distances, the 'Lighthouse of the Pacific.'

"We should not overlook the equally beautiful sights of El Salvador's rivers,

valleys, plateaus, and mountains. Many of these marvels of Nature are within easy reach of the leading cities, only a few hours' ride along picturesque roads.

"The scientist will also find special reasons to know and study El Salvador—its pre-Columbian history; the Güija region, described by Professor Jorge Lardé as the cradle of primitive American civilization; its ethnography, archeology, and linguistics. . . .



Drawing that accompanied tourist article in Sintesis, San Salvador

"All of this represents an invaluable treasure for El Salvador. As of now it is a latent wealth, but the government . . . is doing everything possible to make it one of the most prosperous national industries, by luring tourists both at home and abroad. . . ."

# MOONS AND MONEY

THE Diario Nacional of San José, Costa Rica, carries an article that deals with two of today's favorite topics interplanetary distances and high prices bringing them both into entertaining focus:

"These days the great scientists of the world are on the moon; I mean, they are busy measuring the distances between us and the planets, stars, and galaxies. Frankly, I have never been able to understand just how they make these measurements. . . , but they really do. For example, they say . . . that the sun is thirty thousand lightyears from the center of the Milky Way, or almost as high as the price of butter. They could just as well have said six hundred thousand light-years, because I honestly believe that a few thousand one way or the other would not matter to most of us.

"Thus . . . they tell us that the nearest star is exactly three thousand light-years, 1,616 feet, and two and a half inches away. This is comparable to the price of oranges, carrots, green peppers, and eggplants. Tomatoes have gone almost as high as the distance between the Milky Way and Osiris, or whatever they call it.

"With the new tariff, cosmetics will undoubtedly go almost as high as the farthest galaxy ever sighted.... That distance is simple: one thousand million light-years....

"Besides, it is estimated that in our own galaxy there are twenty thousand suns like the one that shines on us. This figure is equal to the number of creditors who annoy us with their bills.

"Among other interesting facts, it is said that the sun and all its planets, including our own dear earth, drag us along at a speed of six miles a second toward Taurus. In other words, it is almost the same as the rate at which automobiles are increasing in number.

"Thank goodness they are simple astronomical figures."

# FREE-WHEELING

FELIPE MORALES, writing in the Mexican magazine *Hoy*, claims we are living in an age of automobiles, which "fill all the requirements for individual aggressive action":

be chivalrous in the old style.... The word itself ... was used to indicate family background and social standing, thus distinguishing the horsemen from the men on foot, who could not measure their fortune or courage by standards of horsemanship. It is much the same with today's motorists.

"In many places the automobile is . . . a unit of the social metric system. In other parts of the world it is a protective shield. It is used for business, in the pastures . . . and fields, and even to track down wild beasts. In Africa and the United States the . . . cowboys often mount their jeeps to negotiate the deserts and rocky gorges.

"In Mexico, too, the automobile is a modern unit of appraisal. More than a necessity or a luxury, . . . it is like a weapon: for defense and for pride. . . . Without it certain social obligations and making love like Don Juan become very difficult. . . .

"The automobile has converted the world into a wide racetrack. . . . Is this violent way of life good or bad? It is different, and, therefore, worthy of scrutiny. We lament that the psychosis of war is growing, that social relations between individuals and between nations are becoming harsh and explosive, without analyzing the change

that has taken place since automobiles appeared on the scene. Present-day diplomacy works like a combustion engine, . . . not at all like Metternich's doctrines and Talleyrand's maneuvers. We are traveling on four wheels. On one side, the mountain shields us; on the other looms the abyss. Such is the psychology of the motorist who covers long distances, shouts with his horn, and lives glued to the steering wheel. . . .

"Present-day moral standards can be traded in like used models. It would be useless to compare a static, tationary romance . . . of eighty years ago with what happens today in an automobile. . . . The automobile creates small human forts in the battle of life. In an automobile a man can plunge into the masses without being seen, annoyed, or even admired. As a result, he becomes a minor power who reigns ... on every street...

"We watched the automobiles race along the highways of Mexico to break speed records . . . and prove the mechanical strong points of the various models. . . . The drivers were either professionals or publicity-seekers, but, to a certain extent, all were small motorized Caesars, emulators of the Cid, and counterparts of Don Quixote, who, mounted on their horses, were champions in their way. . . . Julius Caesar took his place in history by making his horse Incitatus a consul. The Cid shared his feats with his horse Babieca, and the good Alonso Quijano [Don Quixote] could not have gone two miles from his village without Rocinante. The same thing happens to the modern Caesars, Cids, and the few Quixotes there are. Without automobiles in which to rule, conquer, and survive, they would fall into anonymity, . . . forced to walk the long, wide ways of modern life. . . ."

# LONG LIVE THE LOTTERY!

How MANY PEOPLE buy lottery tickets simply to help their less fortunate brothers? It would be nice if the world were filled with such altruism. In any case, it's good to know that benefits result from the often purely selfish desire to win a lot for a little. An editorial in a recent issue of Excélsior, bimonthly magazine of Lima, praised the social functions of the Division of Lotteries of Lima and Callao:

determining factor in human life. . . . acquiring it: business deals, hard work, or inheritance. For the first two a man must have perseverance, an eye for what is going on, and an unfailing habit of saving. This is the only way he can get together the necessary cash. . . . But now the Division of Lotteries of Lima and Callao has organized a system of drawings that makes poor men millionaires overnight. . . . No special qualifications are needed for a person to undergo such a marvelous economic and social transformation. It's only necessary to buy tickets each month . . . and for Dame Fortune to smile on the privileged mortal who'll be that month's winner. Thus the Division of Lotteries fulfills one of its functions in rescuing families from the clutches of poverty . . . and providing them with ease and comfort. The families who helping out two worthy causes. . . .

"Everyone knows that money is the have prospered in this way have radically changed their way of living. The There are several legitimate ways of children go to better schools and look to the future more optimistically . . . : the parents leave behind bitter drudgery and the constant worry of earning enough to provide everyday necessities. . . . How else could such a drastic change from poverty to opulence be effected? Small business and salaries can never furnish a fortune. . .

"Now that we've seen how the lottery transforms poor people into millionaires . . . , let's examine its other equally constructive aspect. . . . The funds are used to care for and cure the needy and ill who otherwise wouldn't be able to get medical aid. All sorts of hospitals are being enlarged and repaired . . . , and new laboratory and therapeutic equipment is being bought. . . . This means that when someone buys a lottery ticket, he is

"Force of habit": wedding of man from northern Brazil (where they sleep in hammocks); bootblack asks for "the other foot, please"; admiral sponsoring baptism; traffic policeman's jacket; marksman about to commit suicide.—Manchete, Rio de Janeiro



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To eelebrate the Dominican Republic's Independence Day, on February 27, OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila (front row, left) and Mrs. Dávila (wearing orchid) were hosts to a group of Dominicans in Washington, including Dr. Joaquín E. Salazar (center, front), Dominican Ambassador to the United States and the OAS; the group is shown in front of the Secretary General's residence.

Taking bows at his recent Pan American Union concert was Jan Tomasow, Argentine violinist now living in Washington, where he has been concertmaster of the National Symphony. Formerly concertmaster of the Baltimore Symphony, he was also instructor at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in that city. Mr. Tomasow has appeared with and conducted many symphony orchestras in Europe, and will make another tour this year. His PAU concert included selections from Franck, Debussy, Aguirre, and DeFalla.





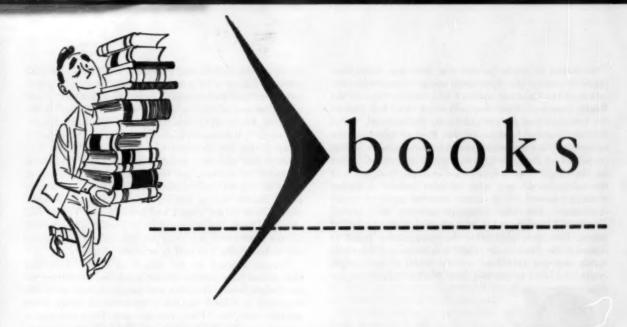
During the PAU showing of Mexican documentary films in Washington recently, OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico (left) and Mrs. Quintanilla, the sponsors, were joined by Dr. Antonio A. Facio, Ambassador of Costa Rica to the United States and the OAS. The program included shorts on various aspects of Mexican life, from soldiering to art, and many facets of the character of the Mexican people.



Nicaragua became the second Hemisphere nation to deposit the instrument of ratification of the Basic Agreement of the Nutrition Institute of Central America and Panama when Dr. Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, Nicaraguan Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, signed the necessary documents at the Pan American Union. Looking on were Dr. Manuel Canyes of the PAU law and treaties division (center) and OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger. The Institute is an international organization sponsored by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, the five Central American republics, and Panama, with headquarters in Guatemala City. The agreement is to establish the Institute on a permanent basis to develop and apply nutrition as a science.

When his show opened at the Pan American Union recently, the famous Chilean surrealist Roberto Matta (third from right) was on hand to welcome viewers. These included (from left) OAS Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda of Chile; Mrs. José A. Mora. whose husband is Uruguayan Ambassador to the OAS and United States and Chairman of the OAS Council; Mrs. Sepúlveda; Mrs. Matta; and Ulisés Pinto Aliaga of the Chilean delegation to the OAS. Forty-two-year-old Matta graduated in architecture from the National University in Santiago, then went to Paris, where he became an assistant to architect Le Corbusier. He attained prominence after joining the surrealists in 1937.





# THE WEST THROUGH A KEYHOLE

THE AUTHOR of Great River, a formidable compendium of the history of the U. S. West, possesses a novelist's imagination, a scholar's erudition, and a lack of tact that many will consider a piece of genius. Of these three characteristics, all of which are amply displayed in the more than one thousand pages of his two-volume work, the first two will gain him many readers; as for the third, Paul Horgan will be in serious trouble if his book should fall into the hands of Mexican readers and he is so ill-advised as to venture in person south of the Rio Grande.

But let us take one thing at a time. What has Horgan proposed to tell? Nothing less than the complete history of the Rio Grande, from its beginning down to the present (or at least to the end of the First World War). The reader may wonder which river I mean: the one in New Mexico? in Texas? in Mexico? the Puerco, the Salado, the Conchos? the Pecos? The answer is, All of them. On a more general plane, the reader may add another question: But does a river have a history? Can you really write about it? Emil Ludwig demonstrated some years ago that you can indeed, and every year his U.S. disciples fill thousands of pages on this enterprise. What all these writers, and Paul Horgan in particular, actually do is tell the history of a river as if of a house—that is, the history of the inhabitants of the house. Thus, the history of the Rio Grande is that of the Pueblos, Spaniards, Mexicans, and North Americans who over the centuries have lived on its banks, dominated its environs, fought, triumphed, and failed. That is why Horgan's book may be called a compendium-it is a monumental resumé of the research and writing that others have done on the lives of these peoples in the U.S. West.

One may fittingly ask whether there is real justification for organizing this whole mass of historical material as if it were the architecture of the river—not only a result of the river but part of its very existence. Has the Rio Grande created a special mode of life, a kind of civilization differing from others in America? In the first volume,

Horgan offers sufficient proof that it has, at least at certain times and in certain regions. This is where Horgan the literary man displays his admirable powers of evocation, describing with deceptive simplicity and lyric charm the customs and beliefs of the pre-Conquest Pueblos. The picture he paints is that of a mysteriously placid existence, rooted in the soil, with a collectivist system that, while reducing its members to gray anonymity in the picture of native American civilizations, yet assured them peace and relative abundance. Horgan envelops this era in a poetic mist. There are no dates—not a single one; a bare reference somewhere to the thirteenth century. The river floats lyrically in a past rich in primitive colors and strange fantasies, following the step of ghostly peoples who appear and disappear with the smoke that rises at dusk on the tablelands. Where did these Indians come from? From the subterranean lake of the Mayas, diluted and decadent because of Toltec influence? Why did they abandon their cities intact, when did they come, when did they disappear? The religious explanation attracts the author, perhaps because it is the most poetic, but his attention is focused on the concrete results of the Pueblos' emigration and their mixture with the lesser peoples along the river. The landscape imposes its form on the creations of men-their agriculture, their art, their religion. "Their towns," Horgan writes, "rose from the river earth like shapes of nature." In this case one can understand the part played by the river and can identify its stamp on a civilization.

The case of the Spaniards is more complex, but at the same time its consequences are more exciting. For over the centuries (Horgan relates in detail the expeditions of Coronado, Chamuscado, Espejo, Castaño, and Oñate, and Cabeza de Vaca's odyssey) the Spaniards lost a civilization, that of the Golden Age, and, building on its ruins, had to adapt themselves to the pattern set for them by the river and create a type of existence determined by the dangers, the destructions, the wars, characteristic of the Rio Grande epic.

Of course, it might be said that this same thing happened wherever the Spaniards went. Nevertheless, the moral of the Conquest appears more clearly here in the North American West than anywhere else. For just as the conquistadors sought gold and, disillusioned, found only Indians and land, so another kind of Spaniard, the missionary, sought souls and found men with whom he helped to establish an empire not only for God but for the king. So the missionaries were the Conquest and the colonization, and what at first seemed a golden chimera became a new society and the germ of a new civilization. The true Conquest marched west among crosses and Franciscan habits, not among harquebuses and lances. For every gold mine the conquistador failed to discover, the Franciscan raised a mission and stayed to watch over the growth of one more cell of agriculture, crafts, and labor in the vast New World. Horgan empha-



Fernando Alegría of the University of California reviews Paul Horgan's history of the Rio Grande

sizes with much justice this aspect of the Spanish Conquest; moreover, his analysis of the "Franciscan style" offers observations of great interest to the student of architecture as well as to the historian. The lack of illustrations is one's only regret.

Up to this point, the author has enjoyed a historical perspective that protects him from polemic interpretations; his documentation has long since passed through the sieve of many judgments varying in nature and in nationality. But when he reaches the nineteenth century, Horgan has a totally different problem to face. Historical perspective is reduced not only chronologically but also psychologically. I am sorry to say that Horgan, who narrates the lives and wanderings of Spaniards and North Americans with the eye of a historian and a poet, relates the history of Mexico with the eye of a slavetrader. The Cry of Dolores, the first failure of Mexican independence, the empire of Iturbide, the Mexican domination of Texas and the Rio Grande-all are chapters here in a grotesque operetta. In discussing a book of this kind, a book solidly documented and brilliantly written that has won the almost unanimous applause of U.S. critics, one must proceed with absolute honesty and noonday clarity. Hence what I have said and what am about to say:

In my opinion, few books or pamphlets can contribute as much as this work of Horgan's to fomenting hatred, prejudice, and resentment between Mexicans and North Americans. There is no incident or episode, however insignificant, there is no crime or infamy committed during the Mexican War and the Mexican Revolution, that Horgan does not seize upon to feed the fire of racial and nationalistic hate. In the hands of an authentic historian all this sinister and poisonous material would pass to the secondary level it deserves; in the hands of a popularizer imbued with mistaken geopolitical notions, a cultivator of sensationalism and an ardent defender of the myth of Anglo-Saxon superiority over the Latin American races, it becomes an incendiary torch. Let it be borne in mind that the atrocities to which Horgan refers are, in their vast majority, murders and sackings committed by bands of outlaws, not by a people or a nation; as such, as acts of individuals, they will have a place in police annals—not in history, unless the author deliberately wishes to stir hatred and resentment. Not one but several of these crimes committed by bandits whose names no one remembers any more are emphasized by Horgan and dramatically narrated in separate chapters.

Horgan belongs to the school of North American chroniclers who believe in the expansionist destiny of the United States. This idea appears throughout his book, expressed in a form that leaves no room for doubt. Here are two examples: "Pike examined everything and kept a journal, for his information would be of vital importance to the men and women of the United States who fulfilling individually some pressing instinct to enter new lands to the west fulfilled together what all felt to be the historic destiny of their country." And "Under the sense of destiny of the American people, and their weight of arms, the issue-passed from trappers to traders, traders to soldiers, soldiers to citizens-was at rest. The Rio Grande in Colorado and New Mexico, and its left bank in Texas, belonged to the United States." Do not these words awaken an echo that stirs the ashes of Mussolini and Hitler? Am I exaggerating? Well, here's another example: "For the United States, the Mexican involvement beyond the Rio Grande served a number of unforeseen but useful purposes. It steeled a commanding general and his citizen army for greater services in the first World War. It gave the American air force its first trial at arms.'

To provide a basis for his theory of the historic destiny of the United States, Horgan has to launch into an absolute glorification of his compatriots, a glorification that reaches grotesque limits (as in the section beginning on page 619) and that smells of certain Hollywood stuff about the West. In the face of this glorification, the Mexican is invariably described in terms I refrain from reproducing, and the Mexican soldiers in such phrases as this, which may be considered typical: "It was like a mindless swarm of brown-skinned animals that ran breathless before a prairie fire." The page that concludes the story of Mexican domination of the Rio Grande contains an episode that Horgan may believe has great sex-appeal, but to the intelligent reader will sound stupid and to a Mexican will seem an infamy against his country and its women.

It is a great pity that a writer of such special merits as Paul Horgan should have chosen this, his masterpiece, for the presentation of the dregs of frontier crime as part of the civilization of the Rio Grande. His exaggerations tarnish the worth of pages that in other circumstances would be worthy of an anthology—such as, for example,

his little treatise on the cowboy ("The Last Frontiersman"). His conclusions seem to crown an edifice made of sand, because we know how much ephemeral sensationalism it contains. And we also know that if in colonizing the Rio Grande the North American actually did reveal the materialism, political vitality, individuality, passion for hard work, and humanitarianism that Horgan cites as essential characteristics of the "American theme," it was not while he was occupied in chasing bandits, buying lands, pursuing señoritas, and suborning generals, but while he devoted himself to creating a new society based on ideals that presented and still present a constant challenge to his soundest virtues-ideals of social justice, genuine democracy (national and international), respect for the individual whatever his race, color, creed, or ideas. -Fernando Alegría

GREAT RIVER: THE RIO GRANDE IN NORTH AMERICAN HISTORY, by Paul Horgan, New York, Rinehart and Company, 1954. Two volumes, 1020 p. \$10.00



Cover of American Heritage, subtitled "The Magazine of History" but actually a hardbound book. Published bimonthly under the joint sponsorship of the American Association for State and Local History and the Society of American Historians, it deals with formal and informal aspects of U. S. history in authoritative articles and splendid illustrations, many in color. Its editor is Bruce Catton, author of the prizewinning A Stillness at Appomattox, about the Civil War; distinguished historians serve on its advisory board and as regional editors. Single copies are priced at \$2.75, subscriptions at \$12.00. Tied in with cover portrait of Captain John Carnes is article on Yankee trading ships

# DRUMMONDIAN HUMOR

FOR BRAZIL, 1930 was a significant year: the republic was overthrown by revolutionaries from the south, and poetry lovers discovered a new voice of extraordinary power—that of Carlos Drummond de Andrade, a shy, retiring young man from the iron country of Minas Gerais State. At a time of political and social upheaval, when "the situation" was on everyone's mind, when bullets flew and tempers flared, he quietly dropped his own kind of time-bomb, in the shape of a book he modestly called Alguma Poesia (Some Poetry). It contained poems in the new style that he had written in the past

five years, not long after the "modernist movement" erupted violently on the Brazilian literary scene. In 1922 another poet, Mário de Andrade, had been one of the leaders of a Modern Art Week that launched what turned out to be a significant event in Brazilian literature: it was a declaration of freedom from tradition, and it caused a big splash. Carlos Drummond (the "de Andrade" is usually dropped from his name) would probably have written his poems even if that cry of independence had not been heard reverberating among the iron-rich mountains of his native Itabira do Mato Dentro. The new literary climate, however, must have helped to push him to almost immediate "stardom" among the new poets. And there he has stayed ever since. After Alguma Poesia, he wrote seven other books of poems, which have just been gathered together, along with a brand-new collection, Fazendeiro do Ar (Farmer of Air), in a single volume. All the poems were revised and slightly altered by the author.

It is fascinating to notice the changes thirty years have wrought in his work. As the jacket blurb points out, Drummond has "come a long way from his former anecdotal style and now seeks to interpret, as purely as possible, the meaning of things, feelings, and moods."

His anecdotal style helped a great deal toward making him famous. Actually, "anecdotal" is not an adequate word to describe his unique brand of sly, often wry, dry, unsentimental humor, which remains quite recognizably Drummondian despite the general use of surrealistic humor by other contemporary poets. It consists in the most unexpected word combinations, delightfully comic images, used sometimes to put across a tragic thought or a melancholy mood. Though there is no great joie de vivre in his work, neither is there despair; the poet looks philosophically at life, expecting no great happiness from it, but at the same time finding it immensely interesting and worth while. Occasionally an element of bitterness creeps in, as in the long, socially conscious Canto ao homem do povo Charlie Chaplin (Song to Charlie Chaplin, the Common Man). But even here, the last words are of hope:

ó Carlito, meu e nosso amigo, teus sapatos e teu bigode caminham numa estrada de pó e esperança.

Oh Charlie, my and our friend, your shoes and your mustache walk on a road of dust and hope.

It is worth noting that when this poem first appeared, sometime in 1945, it was considered "subversive" by a number of people, even in official circles, not because Mr. Chaplin had yet got into trouble with the U.S. Government, but simply because the Age of Suspicion had started, and, as a contemporary Brazilian writer put it, "they'd put you in jail-if you so much as gave money to a beggar on the street."

Going back to his early, "anecdotal" period, probably the best-known poem of that time was No Meio do Caminho (In the Middle of the Road):

> No meio do caminho tinha uma pedra tinha uma pedra no meio do caminho tinha uma pedra no meio do caminho tinha uma pedra.

Nunca me esquecerei desse acontecimento na vida de minhas retinas tão fatigadas. Nunca me esquecerei que no meio do caminho tinha uma pedra tinha uma pedra no meio do caminho no meio do caminho tinha uma pedra.

In the middle of the road there was a rock There was a rock in the middle of the road There was a rock In the middle of the road there was a rock.

I shall never forget that event As long as my tired retinas shall live. I shall never forget that in the middle of the road There was a rock There was a rock in the middle of the road In the middle of the road there was a rock.

The very first poem in this book, which, of course, started off his first volume in 1930, introduces the poet to his reader:

Quando nasci, um anjo torto désses que vivem na sombra disse: Vai, Carlos! ser gauche na vida.

When I was born, a freakish angel (One of those that live in shadow) Said: "Go on, Carlos! Go and be gauche through life."

Almost twenty years later (around 1947), Drummond published a long poem, Desaparecimento de Luísa Pôrto (Luísa Pôrto's Disappearance), which is written in a style resembling a newspaper account of a common, everyday occurrence, with all the pathos and heartbreak inherent in such stories. Sentimentality is avoided throughout, though, sometimes by the typical Drummondian trick of injecting humor just before mawkishness threatens to set in. The missing girl was a crippled widow's only daughter (an obvious ingredient for sentimental meandering); but the mother, while sadly aware that "poverty, paralysis, pain would be her lot in life," couldn't have foreseen

. . . e que sua única filha, afável pôsto que estrábica,

se diluiria sem explicação

... that her only daughter, nice though cross-eyed, would simply vanish without explanation.

The last poem in this latest collection is A Luis Mauricio, Infante (To an Infant, Luís Mauricio), frankly addressed to Drummond's little grandson in Buenos Aires. Contrary to his custom, he uses rhyme in this one, with gratifying ease and naturalness. It is an attempt to teach the boy how to make the most of life, while suggesting that such knowledge is inborn:

Aqui me despeço e tenho por plenamente ensinado o teu oficio, que de ti mesmo e em púrpura o aprendeste ao nascer, meu netinho Luis Mauricio.

And now I say goodbye, after having taught you your trade, Which you taught yourself brilliantly on being born, my little grandson Luís Maurício.

-Armando S. Pires

FAZENDEIRO DO AR & POESIA ATÉ AGORA, by Carlos Drummond de Andrade. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria José Olympio, 1955. 561 p.



# WATCH FOR

- \* Haitian victory over yaws, dread tropical disease
- \* Monuments of a lost civilization preserved in Colombia's unique Archeological Park
- \* A Brazilian's idea of fun with want ads
- \* Technological institute that is the pride of Monterrey, Mexico

# AMERICAS NEXT MONTH

# Answers to Quiz on page 47

Paraguayan.

(7) Resormador, (8) True, (9) Antonio José de Sucre, (10) peror, (4) Brazil. (5) Tomás Herrera. (6) José de San Martin. (1) For founding a secret society, etc. (2) Medicine. (3) Em-

#### **GRAPHICS CREDITS**

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

# Inside front

- Courtesy Brooklyn Museum 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 Courtesy Gonzalo Blanco
  - Courtesy The Noonday Press Courtesy William L. Grossman 10, 11
    - Courtesy Motion Picture Association of America Joyce Field 14
      - 15
      - Scott Seegers
      - Fenno Jacobs from Three Lions (2)—Three Lions Scott Seegers (Number 2)—Black Star (Number 3)

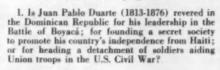
      - 28

      - 30
      - Scott Seegers (Number 2)—Black Star (Number 3) Fenno Jacobs from Three Lions—Three Lions Courtesy U.S. Employment Service Courtesy Office of Vocational Rehabilitation Courtesy Office of Vocational Rehabilitation Reni Photos—Courtesy U.S. Employment Service (2) 31
      - Robin Jon Joachim 32
      - Uruguayan National Tourist Office-Courtesy Joachim
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      - 37
      - 42 F. Adelhardt
      - No. 1, from Duarte, Próceres, Héroes i Mártires de 47 60. 1, from Duarte, Próceres, Héroes i Mártires de la Independencia, by Federico Henríquez y Car-vajal—No. 2, from Reseña Histórica de Centro América, Vol. II, by Lorenzo Montúlar—No. 4, from Exposições I, Exposição José Bonifácio, Rio de Janeiro—No. 5, from Vida del General Tomás Herrera, by Ricardo J. Alfaro—No. 7, from Libro-Centenario 1835-1935, by Carlos Aguilera de León—No. 8, from Juan Rafael Mora, by Carlos Fínesta—No. 10, from El Dictador del Paraguay, Dr. Francia, by Guillermo Cabanellas

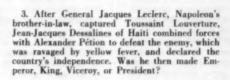
# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' HEROES?

PART TWO

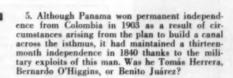
Answers on page 46



2. Miguel Larreinaga of Nicaragua was a signer of the Central American Declaration of Independence, September 15, 1821. A civil rather than a military figure, he excelled in all but one of the following fields—education, law, literature, and medicine. Which one?



4. José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva won independence for his country as an éminence grise. Appointed prime minister in 1821 by a Bragança prince, he worked behind the scenes for freedom. Whose hero is he?



 Argentina's national hero, who liberated his country from Spain, began his career by joining the Spanish army and fighting first the Moors in Africa and later Napoleon. Do you know his

7. When Justo Rufino Barrios of Guatemala became President in 1871, he replaced conservatism with a liberal regime. He was killed in battle in 1885 attempting to restore the Central American Union. Is he known as the Libertador or Reformador?

8. Juan Rafael Mora became the national hero of Costa Rica when in 1856 he defeated the notorious soldier-of-fortune William Walker of Nashville, Tennessee, who had attempted to seize the country. True or false?

9. — is the national hero of Bolivia, where a city bears his name. After winning the battles of Pichincha (Ecuador, 1822) and Ayacucho (Peru, 1824), he was elected the first President of the new Bolivian state, formerly part of Peru, and laid its administrative foundations. Fill in the blank.

10. To the predominantly Guaraní people of his country José Gaspar Rodríguez Francia was El Supremo. A prominent magistrate, he headed the movement seeking independence from the influence of Brazil, Buenos Aires, and Spain. Was he Honduran, Venezuelan, Paraguayan, or Colombian?





















# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

HOW DO GRINGOS BEHAVE?

Dear Sirs:

In the course of preliminary inquiries I have noted a surprising lack of information concerning a subject that would seem of basic interest to all who have a sincere desire for pleasant mutual acquaintance among Americans of the north, central, and south countries. That is, the relationships throughout Latin America between U.S. citizens in residence there and the respective nationals. From experience, I know that this is a complex phase of Hemisphere acercamiento. While there has been gradual overall progress, it is obvious that too many disturbing factors exist to provide situations either painful, embarrassing, or both, to all concerned.

It seems to me possible that one might find traceable patterns of behavior to explain why some norteamericanos living in Latin America enjoy the confidence and friendship of the host people, and why others remain purblind to opportunities outside their colonia. I am endeavoring to make an appraisal of these matters, and to that end I would be most grateful for the comment and opinions of your readers in Latin America. In doing so I realize how very large the canvas would have to be in order to create anything resembling a complete picture. Yet, as some philosopher has said, the longest journey begins with the first step.

From the Latin American point of view I would like to ask: what are the most common sins of omission or commission committed by U.S. residents with respect to national customs, social procedures, and attitudes? And perhaps some norteomericanos would be good enough to describe whatever appears unrequited

in efforts to enlarge their acceptance as friends.

It seems appropriate to add that I have had a wide and deep interest in the other Americas for over two decades, and lived in Central and South America more than half this time. The study referred to above is a personal effort, not connected in any way with any group or organization. In a sense, it is the potential of a long-held ambition to contribute some worthwhile fragment to the common cup of friendship all Americans should share. To those who may wish to assist me, it is less important to have a signature than to have comment weighed in judicious sincerity. All communications will be treated as confidential, and no source whatsoever will be quoted or credited without written permission. Finally, although my primary interest is with the "problem" of U.S. citizens residing rather than just visiting in Latin America, it is inevitable that some will wish to describe the adventures and misadventures of that perennial character, the turista. Such comment may be well worth a perceptive side glance or two.

comment may be well worth a perceptive side glance or two.

Provided the language used is Spanish, Portuguese, French, or
English, all letters will be welcome, and all will be acknowledged.

Fredrik deCoste 111 Broadway—213 New York 6, New York

#### LEARNING SPANISH IN JAPAN

Dear Sirs:

I am wondering whether this picture might possibly interest you? It shows ten of the thirteen young people who are studying Spanish with me in Tokyo. We are now reading the OAS conservation pamphlet entitled Defiende Tu Suelo (Guard Your Soil) for our supplementary reading, and it is most successful. I thought we would save the more difficult biographies of great Latin Americans until they are more advanced.



The young men in the group are all connected with business firms which have considerable business dealings with Latin American countries, while the three young women are still students, but perhaps hope to enter that field. They are all excellent students, and after three months' work are able to carry on simple conversations. Their accent is especially good, it seems to me, except for the usual Japanese difficulty with handling "I" and "L".

Because of their interest in the language and customs of Latin America, I am sure they would welcome correspondents. Their names are as follows: (standing) H. Sato, H. Takimi, Kobuyuki Adachi; (seated) V. Hirose, myself, Miss S. Kato, Miss Kimi Nagano, Miss Asae Watanabe, K. Ogiwara, and Toshio Nojima. The other young men are V. Hosaka, S. Inoue, and Mr. Kasai, the organizer of the class, who, unfortunately, was absent. Anyone wishing to write should address the letters to the person chosen, c/o Mrs. L. B. Moore, Room 301, Masonic Building, Shiba Sakae-cho, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Evelyn B. Moore Tokyo, Japan

#### MAPS AND RECORDINGS

Dear Sirs:

The large map showing the Pan American Highway in the January travel issue was certainly very nice. Would it be possible for Americas to give us every now and then a large map of one of the member countries of the Organization of American States?

I am interested in exchanging tape recordings with people but do not know what I would run into regarding import-export restrictions, mailing requirements, and so on. The exchange of tapes is growing every day, and I imagine there are many others who desire the same information as I. Could we have an article on that sometime?

Roland W. Ruff St. Albans, West Virginia

AMERICAS will try to oblige reader Ruff on both counts.

### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked Americas to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Bill Macchi (E, S)\* 3724 Walnut Avenue Concord, California

Marcelo Argañaras (E, S) Bulevar Mitre 139 Córdoba, Argentina

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Antonio Asevêdo do Rêgo (E, P) Escola de Engenharia Recife, Brazil

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Rolando Pulido Jiménes (E, S) Departamento Médico Castillo del Príncipe Havana, Cuba

César Géas M. (E, S) Academia "Tomás Estrada Palma" Castillo del Príncipe Havana, Cuba

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Dottie Coulter (E, S, F) 320 Cody Lane Fort Leavenworth, Kansas



the movement seeking independence from the influence of Brazil, Buenos Aires, and Spain. Was he Honduran, Venezuelan, Paraguayan, or Colombian?

#### CONTRIBUTORS

The Mexican agronomist Gonzalo Blanco, who raises the question "Big Farms or Small?", is a technical adviser for his country's Council of Development and Coordination of National Production. Formerly on the staff of the PAU division of agriculture and conservation, he returned to Mexico in 1953 to become manager of the Ejidal Credit Bank for the States of Durango and Coahuila, which serves the cooperative farms producing cotton and wheat. Mr. Blanco was at one time agricultural attaché at the Mexican Embassy in Washington and has been a delegate to various food and agriculture conferences.



WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN, who introduced Machado de Assis in English by translating Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas (published as Epitaph of a Small Winner), discusses the Brazilian author in "Master of Irony." Mr. Grossman is a translator of books from the Portuguese and reviews books on Brazil or by Brazilians for such publications as The New York Times and The Saturday Review. Born in New York City in 1906, he spent four years in Brazil as head of the Department of Economics

of the Brazilian Air Ministry's Aeronautical Institute of Technology. He holds three degrees from Harvard and one from New York University, where he is associate professor of transportation, a field in which he has served various governments and transportation companies.



IRVING BURSTINES, who wrote "Paid in Full," says he has experimented with most types of short fiction, but "my forte thus far seems to be in the mystery field." He is also a "puzzleteer," specializing in cryptograms, and has invented the "Scramblegram," the "Magic Triangle," the "Squared Circle," and so on. His general experience includes everything from jobs as a theater usher to fingerprint man and teacher of such varied subjects as Spanish and Italian and cryptanalysis. He has also been a postal

censor and translator. Today he lives in Bayside, Queens, with his wife and their three boys. The drawings accompanying his story are by the Colombian artist ALEJANDRO OBREGÓN.

MITCHELL DREESE, an employment counselor himself with a Ph.D. in the field, tells us about "Counseling as a Profession." Today, as Dean of the College of General Studies of The George Washington University in Washington, D.C., where he has taught courses in personnel and guidance for twenty-three years, he can look back over a fascinating career that has included work as chairman of the First International Workshop in Counseling and Guidance in Hessen, Germany, in 1951. He has also helped to place young people in the jobs that suit them best through liaison

work between college graduates and industry. Dean Dreese has engaged in many consulting activities related to employment in U.S. Government agencies. During World War II, he was in charge of the separation counseling program for the Air Force and was officer-in-charge of the Army specialized training program in the Adjutant General's office.





When ROBERTO MU-JICA LÁINEZ OF the New York-published Spanish Sunday supplement Hablemos visited the Americas offices one day, he got to talking with Assistant Editor BETTY WILSON about the tango. It developed that both had col-

lected considerable material on the national dance of his country, Argentina. The result was their collaboration on "The Tango Story." Mr. Mujica Láinez has followed a varied career in the diplomatic service with posts in Tokyo and San Francisco, and has been a journalist and correspondent for such publications as Newsweek. Miss Wilson's interest derives from her curiosity about music in all forms.

The distinguished author of "Guaraní Has a Word for It," JUSTO PASTOR BENÍTEZ, is one of Paraguay's leading men of letters. An expert on the River Plate region in general, he has written books on many subjects, including literature, the Guaranís, thought and culture, and such personalities as Estigarribia, Francia, and José Martí. He has also written extensively on Brazil, where he lives today.



A consuming interest in film-making has taken New York-born movie critic Robin Jon Joachim continent-hopping enough to visit thirty-five countries in his twenty-five years. He has just attended his eleventh film festival—in Uruguay—which he discusses in "Movies at Punta del Este." A Columbia graduate, Mr. Joachim has also studied at Tanglewood, Oberlin, and Middlebury, and in Europe. Two years ago he helped produce an avant-garde film in Venice. He has written for publications

in Brazil, Uruguay, Venezuela, France, and the United States.

The Chilean critic Fernando Alegría discusses Paul Horgan's controversial new book about the Rio Grande, Great River, in the book section this month; Americas Associate Editor Armando S. Pires looks over a new volume of poetry by his Brazilian compatriot Carlos Drummond de Andrade.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only no

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides Americas, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the Annals of the Organization of American States, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly Panorama, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the Inter-American Review of Bibliography.

# Celebrate Pan American Day April 14 A DAY ESTABLISHED BY THE **GOVERNMENTS OF THE TWENTY-ONE** AMERICAN REPUBLICS AS A SYMBOL OF THEIR SOVEREIGNTY AND THEIR VOLUNTARY UNION IN ONE CONTINENTAL COMMUNITY